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VOL. III.

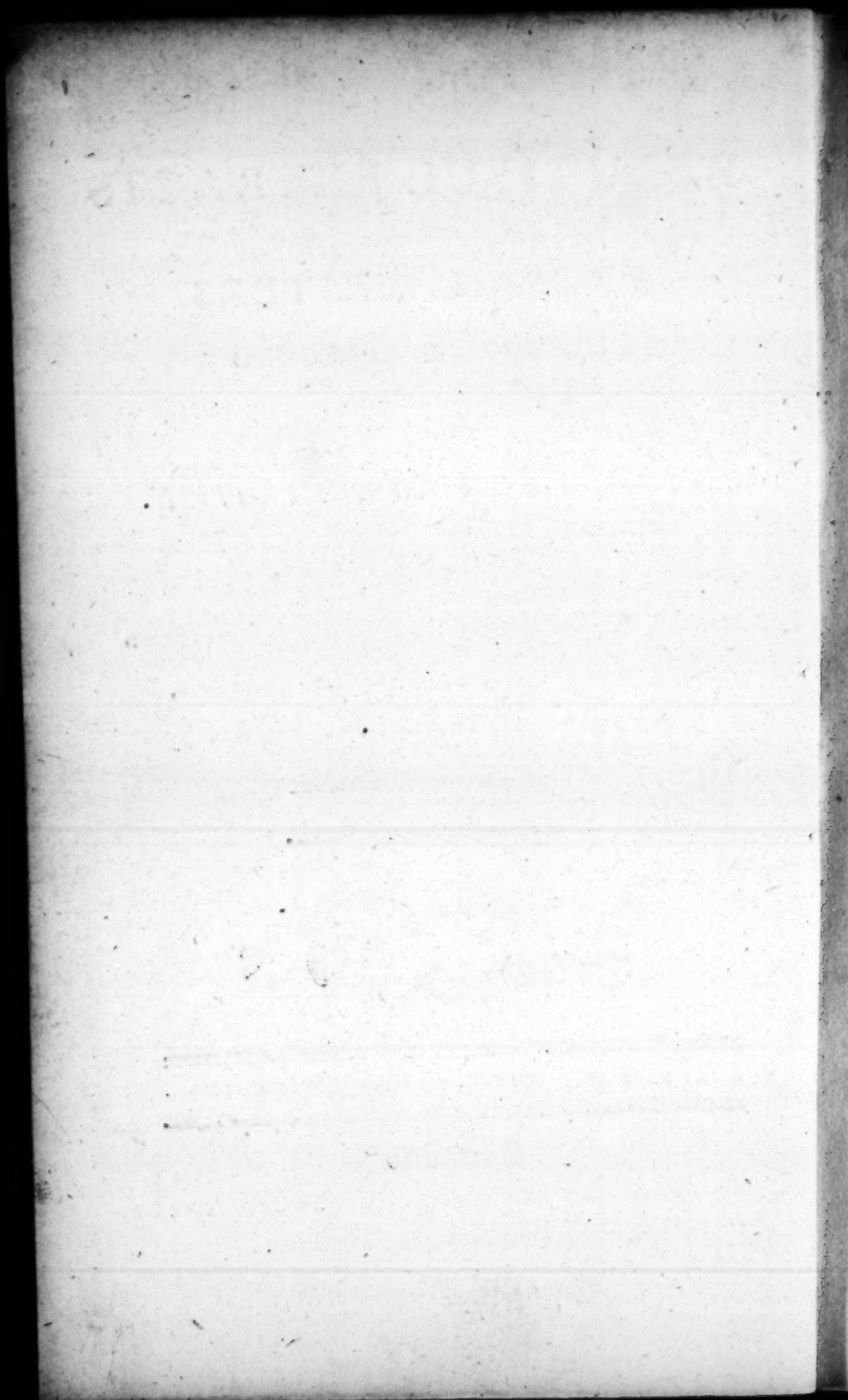


EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. ROACH, WOBURN STREET
NEW-DRURY THEATRE-ROYAL.

1796.







C. Smith delin.

Barlow sculp.

Published by J. Roach Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre. May 1.st 1796.

Roach's Beautiful Extracts of Prosaic Writers. N^o. IX.

The
History of Fair Rosamond,
The
Disadvantages of a Bad Education,
by Johnson.
The
HISTORY of JANE SHORE,
&c. &c.



LONDON.

Printed for & by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office,
Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre Royal, May 1. 1796.



T H E
HISTORY OF FAIR ROSAMOND,

Mistress to Henry the Second.

KING Henry the Second's affairs keeping him in Normandy longer than he expected, it happened that the lady Clifford going into her daughter's closet accidentally espied the King's letter to Rosamond ; at which, being extremely surpris'd, as knowing nothing of what had pass'd between them, she called her daughter to her, and asked her what was the meaning of that letter ? Rosamond was as much surpris'd at that question, as her mother was at the letter, being put to such a non plus that she knew not what to answer ; and therefore made her blushes pass for one. Her Lady-mother taking her silence for an argument of her guilt, took the letter in her hand, and went immediately to her husband the Lord Clifford, who had a very tender love for Rosamond, and shewing him the letter, he was exceedingly disturb'd thereat ; and so they both went to their daughter's chamber, and upbraiding her with being a strumpet to the King, and taking away the only comfort of their lives, who look'd upon her as their chiefest treasure, she kneeled down upon her knees, and solemnly protested to them that she was still a pure and an unblemish'd virgin, and that she never had yet given up herself to the King's

embraces, or those of any other person whatsoever. This solemn protestation that she made, somewhat appeased her father's anger, who was afraid it had been worse ; and seeing she persisted in the truth of what she said, he bid her for the satisfaction of his mind, to tell the naked truth, and let him know how it was she came by such a letter. To which she answered thus :

“ My lord and father, I must confess the King has made love to me, nor could I well avoid the hearing of it ; for when he was so nobly treated here how could I chuse but entertain him civilly : and though I must confess he gave me several jewels of great value, I thought they only were the testimonies of that respect he paid your daughter, and not of any love he had to me, till the last day I saw him ; and then, indeed, he told me, that, if his Queen should die, no other person under Heaven should fill her place but me. But I excused myself, if ever it should happen so, as being a poor silly maid, and far unfit for such a prince's bed. Nor did I hear more of him until within this fortnight, this letter was presented to me by an unknown hand, as I was going to the chapel ; not knowing it was from the king till I had read it, which whilst I was doing, the messenger withdrew himself. And now, my honoured father, I desire to know wherein I am criminal, unless it be in not acquainting you I had received a letter from him ? ”

Her father, having heard her, thus replied ;—“ My only child, my dearest Rosamond, the staff and comfort

fort of thy father's age, I am glad to find thou art still innocent, let me advise thee, child, to have a care and keep unspotted as thou art ; gaze not too much on the bright sun of honour, lest it should make thee blind to thy own destruction, for should'st thou come to glitter near the throne, it would be only with a faint reflection, that would have in it neither life nor heat. What honour would it be to have it said, that Rosamond is King Henry's concubine, and for unlawful love has lost her virtue ? consider, child, if chastity be gone, there's nothing left praise-worthy in a woman : pride not thyself in being beautiful, it is falsely called so, if thou art not chaste : for though thy body appear never so fair, yet without chastity it cannot be beautiful. Beauty is like the flowers of the spring, fair to the sight, yet quickly fade away ; but chastity is like the stars of heaven, that always shine with a refulgent brightness. There is a difference between love and lust for one is as far distant from the other as heaven is from hell ; and all the king's addresses unto thee are the effects of lust, and not of love. He has a queen, to whom his love is due ; and think what jealous rage will fill her breast, when she shall know you robbed her of the king, for jealousy is a hell to the mind and a terror to the conscience, surpassing reason, and inciting rage. Think then, my child, what it is thou canst expect in thy unlawful love, or rather lust. Thou wilt be sure to lose thy virtue and honour, thy chastity, thy reputation, and, which is more, perhaps thy life ; and which

is most of all, thy soul, without repentance. If, therefore, thou wilt change thy virgin state, I will take care to get a husband for thee, with whom thou mayest live honestly; and that, perhaps, may be a means to quench that fire of lust thy beauty may have kindled in the king, and make thee safe, and us, thy parents, happy."

Fair Rosamond gave great attention to her father's words, assuring him, with great asseverations, that she would to the utmost of her power avoid whatever should be displeasing to him; but that as to the changing her condition, she did humbly desire to be excused, for that she had a mind to live a virgin.

Her mother thereupon said, "Rosamond, it would be much more to my satisfaction, and to your father's too, to see you married for then I could believe you out of danger; and you well know my Lord Fitz-Walter has a passion for you, a noblemen of an illustrious family, as wealthy too as most Lords in the kingdom: your father would be glad of such a son-in-law, and so should I, to see you so well married; and therefore do not stand in your own light, lest you thereby do make us both believe you have too great a kindness for the King."

To this Rosamond answered, she should be willing to give them all the satisfaction they desired, but hoped they would not put her upon courting my Lord Fitz-Walter, however well accomplished he might be: but that it was enough for her to entertain him when he came to court her. Her father told her, as to that, he
would

would take care all things should be managed to her satisfaction ; but when he came to court her, he expected that she should treat him as a person worthy of her love, for he should measure the duty that she paid to him by the respect she gave, to that young gentleman. To which she only answered, she hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her duty.

But while the good Lord Clifford and his Lady were pleased in their designed disposal of their daughter, King Henry was returned from Normandy, having concluded all his business there, and made a peace with France, and with his sons. This made fair Rosamond very indifferent to the Lord Fitz-Walter, who by permission of her father courted her, so that she told him plainly, she had a greater kindness for him than to expose him to the king's resentment : for she was sure whoever courted her must suffer the king's anger. And this was such a blow to the young lord as quickly cooled his courage ; for that he had no mind to have the king his rival. But before went away, he told Rosamond's father how he had been dismissed, who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what she said, resolved to take another course with her and save her from impending ruin, though against her will ; and to that end, in two days time, ordered a coach and horses to be ready, and every thing prepared for a long journey and then calling for Alethea, fair Rosamond's false governess, of whom they then had not the least mistrust, told her their thoughts of the king's love to Rosamond, and

and to what misery it would expose her (at which she seemed in a most extreme surprize) and told her, that in order to prevent it, they would have had her married to the lord Fitz-Walter, who, as she knew, had lately courted her, and then in what manner she had dismissed him : and here Alethea thought it time for her to speak a little, lest too much silence should betray her falsehood ; and therefore told them, she often wondered why she treated that young nobleman with so much coldness as she had seen her do ; “ and once,” said she, “ I took occasion to tell her of it :—“ Madam,” said I, “ I think you treat your lover but indifferently. As he deserves, said she to me. Deserves! said I ; I think my lord Fitz-Walter deserves a lady of the greatest fortune in the kingdom, because his person and estate will answer it. Your judgment and mine differs, Alethea, said she to me again ; besides, I think my beauty may deserve more than another’s fortune, although my own is not contemptible ; in short, I do expect a better husband.”

“ O Alethea!” said the old lord to her, “ it was the king that Rosamond intended ; ambition has the ascendent of her soul, and nought will serve her but the king’s embraces : this is the thing we would now prevent, and, honest Alethea, thou must help us in it ; therefore, thou and she, to-morrow morning, must, with all privacy imaginable, depart from hence to Cornwall, unto a kinsman’s there, near to Launceston ;

ton; there she may live in private undiscovered, and until the king's affections are diverted, and placed upon some other meritorious beauty. And for your care in attending, and watching her waters, as we say, thou shalt not only have our thanks, but be well rewarded also."

"I will be sure," said she, "to do my duty, and think you take the wisest course to save your daughter both from shame and ruin."

With that the good old lord presented her with some broad pieces of gold, as a reward, as he thought for her faithfulness, and the next morning, Rosamond and her governess, or woman, coached it away for Cornwall, and in a few days came to her kinsman's house, where they were well received.

But when the wolf is set to keep the sheep, they are not very long likely to be safe; for Alethea, bribed largely by the king, was all this while the grand intriguer in this love-affair, who took an opportunity of sending to the king a large account of all things that had passed, and how far they were sent to take the air, and she to watch the waters of fair Rosamond.

King Henry having this intelligence, and thereby understanding how things went, resolved to have her out of all their hands, and thereupon sent for her uncle to come to him presently, who being come, he told him he had a piece of service to command him, in which he would expect to be most punctually obeyed.

Her

Her uncle told him, he hoped he would not question his allegiance, nor the performance of his duty to him : and therefore humbly did beseech his majesty to let him know what service it was to do.

“ It is,” said the king, “ to go immediately to Cornwall, where, at your kinsman’s, near Launceston, you will find your beauteous kinswoman, fair Rosamond ; present her with this jewel from me, and use your best endeavour to bring her to my court, without her parent’s knowledge.”

Her uncle seemed a little startled at a command so far from what he did expect, which, when the king observed, “ ho, my lord,” said he, “ have I shocked you then ? where is your allegiance now ?”

“ Here, in my heart,” replied her uncle, “ where has always been ; of which your majesty shall soon be satisfied, by my obedience ;” for he was loth the king should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his displeasure, and run the risque of having those great offices he held under the king took from him. It was only for the sake of those he undertook the ungrateful service which the king imposed upon him.

Having received the king’s commands, away he goes to Cornwall, where finding his kinswoman, according as the king had told him, he made as if he had called there by accident, having come down about some other business ; then told her how exceeding glad he

was

was to find her there ; and after some jocose discourse together, asked her if she would go up with him to court, for he was sure the king would make her welcome ; which though he only spoke to feel her pulse, he found her willing to accept his offer, and therefore, without any more to do, provided for her journey a very noble chariot ; and so, attended with her governess and a few trusty servants, he brought her to the court. And put her into those private lodgings which were before appointed by the king for her reception.

Her uncle having acquainted the king that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he went that very night to pay her a visit.

And now seeing that beauty in its full perfection, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surprized with wonder and amazement : and Rosamond knowing it was the king, fell down upon her knees, upon which he ran and took her up with this exordium :

“ O fairest of creatures under heaven ! kneel not to me, for thy excellent beauty commands all knees and hearts to bow to thee. (Then kissing her, as if he would have sucked away her breath) welcome to me, said he, my sweetest rose ! welcome to Henry’s court, my dearest Rosamond, all here, my Rosamond, is at thy command ; for I no servant have but what is thine. Then say, my sweetest rose, what is it here that thou wilt ask of Henry ?”

Then

Then being silent, as expecting her reply, Rosamond answered thus :

“ Under the frowns of my offended parents, I beg protection at your royal hand; and that within your court I may be free.”

“ Free !” said the king : “ alas, my Rosamond, it is I have reason to make that petition, for you have long since made your king a captive.”

“ Pardon me, gracious sovereign,” replied Rosamond, “ for if I have guilty been of such a crime, I am sure it was a sin of ignorance.”

To which the king replied, “ ah, Rosamond ! you have made me captive, but without a crime ; for it is your beauty has enthralled my heart ; that wonderful beauty that is without a parallel ! and for that protection which you beg, king Henry tells you, that you may command it ; and it is the highest reason that you should. But tell me, Rosamond, wherein could you, whose very thoughts are always pure and chaste, unto your parents give the least offence ?”

“ Dread sire,” replied fair Rosamond again, “ my very being here, is an offence. I came unto your court without their leave ; and for that reason your protection ask.”

To which the king returned, “ I have already said, you shall command it. But sure,” continued he, “ your parents were in the wrong to hinder you from coming to the court : where should the peerless sun of beauty

beauty shine, but at the court, its true meridian? and to shut up those beams within a corner, that should enlighten and irradiate the whole kingdom, must needs be a great error. However, Rosamond, here you are safe; for any he, let him be who he will, may as well take the crown from off my head, or pluck me from my throne whereon I sit, as offer the least injury to you; and I will as much resent it."

To which fair Rosamond only replied, "I thank your gracious majesty, and will henceforth esteem myself secure under your promised protection."

This discourse having passed, a short collation ensued, wherein the king shewed himself extremely pleased, and Rosamond herself seemed very well contented. After supper, the king told her, that, in regard to the fatigues of her journey, he would give her no farther trouble that night, but would suddenly visit her again; and charging her uncle to have a particular regard to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desired, he took his leave of her for that time.

Alethea, who was her governess, was with her still, and did all she could to persuade her to yield to the king's embraces; but Rosamond seemed averse to it, what her father had before said to her running in her mind. However, she dressed herself with all the gallantry imaginable, according to the mode of that age; and the king having made her a present of some very

rich jewels, she wore them all, to make her appear more beautiful and glorious; though, to speak truth, her native beauty was sufficient, without any help from art, to charm the greatest monarch in the world.

And now the king, who had two or three times visited Rosamond as a friend, began to be impatient of delay, and thought it was high time to have some close conversation with her. And therefore coming one evening to see her (for he generally visited her in an evening, for the greater privacy) he accosted her in these terms:

“ I have, hitherto, flattered myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a kindness for me; but now I begin to find I was mistaken; for now I too plainly see you have no regard for me.”

“ How!” said Rosamond, somewhat surprized: “ can your majesty think I have no regard for my protector, under whose royal court I live here secretly? If I have any way been wanting in my duty, or given your majesty just occasion for such thoughts, pray let me know it, that I may better pay your majesty the duty that I owe you; but notwithstanding what you have been pleased to say, I can hardly believe your majesty does think so.”

“ How is it possible,” replied the king, “ I can think otherwise, when I have been your captive, and yet you never go about to set me free? have not I
often

often told you, you have wounded me, and yet you never go about to apply that sovereign balm by which my wounds are only capable of being cured? and is not this next to a demonstration that you have but little kindness for me?"

To this fair Rosamond, with blushes that still rendered her more fair, replied as follows: "Your majesty is pleased to speak to me in figures, but I am but a simple maid, and cannot understand them. So far you seem to me from being a captive, that you appear the only man that is free; for, were it otherwise, I would make myself a captive, to procure your liberty, if that could do it: and did I see you wounded, if my own blood could cure you, you should have it. Therefore, great sire, I would not have you charge me so unjustly: for whilst you are at liberty, and well, I do not see in what it is that I can serve your majesty."

To this, fetching a sigh, the king made this reply: "Ah, Rosamond, I know you understand me well enough; but who is more blind than those who will not see: but since you force me to speak more plainly, know it is your beauty that has wounded me; and it is your charms make me a captive to you. Love calls for love, nor can my wounds be cured without enjoyment: if, therefore, you have the regard for me your words would seem to intimate, shew that it is real, by

admitting me to your embraces, and grant me the full fruition of your love."

Rosamond seemed extremely disordered at what the king said last, and rising up, was going to kneel down, but the king would not suffer her, but raised her up again, and said, "Kneel not, my dearest Rosamond, it is I should kneel to thee—I only ask——"

Here Rosamond interrupted him, said, "ask for my life, great fire, and you shall have it, or any thing that is in my power to give, but ask not for my honour, nor to give up my virgin jewel, for that is so precious, and so valuable, I can never part with it but to a husband. My outward form is but the casket only; it is virtue is the jewel, and when that is gone, what worth is in the other? not a poor peasant would esteem that, much less is it a present for a king. Nor would your majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a strumpet. She that has lost her honour, is but a faded flower, how gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded diamond, of no value. It is virtue only is the precious jewel, that ever shines with unclouded lustre."—And then kneeling down, said thus: then let me beg you, sire, to ask no more for that which I can never grant but to a husband."

The king was mightily surprised to hear such words from fair Rosamond, of whom he thought to make an easy conquest; and was as much in love with her good
parts

parts and virtue, as he was with her beauty. But as he knew stones with continual dropping of the water wear away, so he never doubted, but with repeated solicitations, he might at last, overcome this stubborn beauty; and therefore, unto what she last said, he thus replied——

“Think not, my Rosamond, that it is lust which makes me solicit for enjoyment: no, no, my love is no such smoaky fire, but burns as clear as vestals at the altar; nor would I, as you say, receive that gift that virtue could not give me. Kings, you know, have a peculiar prerogative, and move in spheres above the common rank. Their privilege it is to have many wives, when subjects are, by law, confined to one; and therefore, though Eleanor be queen, yet Rosamond shall reign as well as she, and ever in my heart command as chief. We will be married first, my Rosamond, and then I hope you will not scruple it.”

“I know not, sire,” said Rosamond, “whether it be a lawful thing to marry one that has a wife already, but if that can be proved, I have nothing to object, for I have no aversion to your person, nay, I have a value for you above others, both as a man, and much more as you are my king and sovereign.”

The king then gave her several kisses, with many promises to make her happy, if she agreed to what he had proposed; and having left Rosamond, goes to Alethea, her governess, for whom he had yet a great

respect, and told her what repulses he had met withal from Rosamond, instead of that enjoyment he expected. Alethea, as one that was case hardened in wickedness, told the king, that if his majesty pleased to follow her humble advice, he should not enter into any farther parlies with her, but that he should find a nearer way to the happiness he desired; for as to being married, it would be both a dilatory thing, and of no avail when it was done, as she intended to inform Rosamond.

“But what is the way then, that you would advise me to?” said the king to her.

“May it please your majesty,” said Alethea, “the way that I would have you take is this: that you should come into my chamber to-morrow night, a little before bed time, and I will leave you there alone awhile, till I have got my lady Rosamond to bed; and whereas I lie with her every night, I will delay the time of my going to bed, as I sometimes do, till she is asleep, and then I will bring your majesty into the chamber, and you shall go to bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not, before the morning light, your majesty will so satisfy her, that all her anger will be over, and for the future your admittance will be easy.

The king was very well pleased with this contrivance of Alethea, and as a token thereof, presented her with a rich diamond ring, and told her he would follow her advice, and be with her incognito the next night.

Alethea

Alethea going afterwards to Rosamond, she told her what had passed between the king and her, and how the king had promised to marry her, and asked whether such a marriage would stand good? Alethea told her no, and that it would but enrage queen Eleanor the more against her: for, said she, kings may indeed be allowed concubines, but not more wives than one; and though concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in honour to the queen, and take place of all the nobility.

Rosamond was very well pleased to hear this, for ambition had a great ascendant over her soul: she was willing to be great, but loth to be thought a whore, and therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the king's lying with her; wherefore she had a mind to have gone back to Cornwall, rather than suffer herself to be deflowered by the king; but Alethea told her she was safe enough where she was, and to be sure the king would do nothing to displease her; whereupon she resolved to wait, and see what would be the issue of her last conference with the king.

The next evening the king came to Alethea according to time, to whom Alethea told what discourse she had had with Rosamond, and how she had talked of going back into the country; "but I hope," said she, "your majesty will make her of another mind before to-morrow morning."

"You may be sure," said the king, "I will not
be

be wanting on my part." And thereupon Alethea went to get Rosamond to bed, as she was wont to do; and in about an hour's time (which the king's impatience of delay made him think an age) she came back again to the king, and told him, that if he pleased to follow her, she would bring him to Rosamond, who was in her bed, and asleep.

The king needed no persuasions to follow her, but went immediately to her chamber, and there soon disrobed himself; and Alethea, taking her leave of him, left him to manage his business with Rosamond according to his own discretion.

The king having shut the door, and locked it after Alethea, went into bed to Rosamond, who was fast asleep, not dreaming of the treacherous part that Alethea played. The king, not willing presently to wake his charming mistress, lay still; but lying closer than Alethea used to do, she waked of herself, and not knowing but it was Alethea that was in bed with her, "I prythee, Governess," said she, (for so she, used to call her, and such she thought her bed-fellow was) "lie further off a little; you crowd so close, as if you'd thrust me out of bed."

And now the king thought it a proper time to speak to her, and let her know who it was that was her bed-fellow; and thereupon bespeaks her thus: "My dearest Rosamond, it is not your governess, it is your king that lies so close to you," (and thereupon embraced her

her in his arms) "and sure you need not fear that I would thrust you out of bed."

It is not easy to imagine how great was the surprize that Rosamond was in at this discovery, and fain she would have got out of bed, but the king held her fast, and would not let her go.

"O fire," said she, "I could not think you would have served me thus, when you assured me, that in your court I should be safe and free."

"Yes," said the king, "I know I promised it, and you shall find that to a tittle I will make good my word, for you shall be as free and safe as ever."

"If it be so," said Rosamond, pray let me go, and give me leave to rise."

"No," said the king, "then I should break my word; you cannot be more safe than in my arms; for now I am sure nothing can injure you."

O fire, consider," she replied again, "what can be more injurious to poor Rosamond, than thus to have her honour taken from her?"

"Your honour!" said the king; "I am the fountain of all honour here, and what I take, I can restore again; nor can what I shall do be in the least imputed to you, for it is I alone am the aggressor; and therefore, if it be my fault, it is wholly mine; you are but passive in it."

Rosamond now found resistance would be in vain, and that since things were gone so far, she had better oblige

oblige the king, than deny him that which he would take whether she would or no : and thereupon, without resisting any farther, suffered the king to do what he pleased, which pleased the king so well, that before the morning light appeared he pleased fair Rosomond also ; and their pleasing embraces at last, left them asleep in one another's arms, until the sun peeped in to see what they were a-doing, which having first awakened fair Rosamond, she was surprized to find herself naked in the king's arms ; which summoned up the blood into her face, and added a fresh beauty to her charms. The king perceiving her somewhat disordered, gave her good words, to keep her spirits up, saying, " my dearest Rosamond, as thou hast thus obliged me, doubt not but I will be always true to thee. Thou shalt want nothing in my power to give : thou hast made me happy, though against thy will ; and to requite thee I will willingly make you so, if all that I possess is capable of doing it ;" and thereupon sealing his promises with many kisses, he once more quenched his amorous flames with substantial joys.

For a time these happy lovers often met, and enjoyed their wanton dalliances in private ; but some envious court ladies, to whom the king had been wont to shew the same kindness, finding themselves now neglected for this peerless beauty, being filled with revenge and indignation, did, by their secret whispers, soon spread abroad the king's familiarity with Rosamond,

mond, not only in the court, but country also, so that the lord Clifford and his lady, Rosamonds father and mother, heard it with much grief; and those that had been her suitors were almost distracted, seeing they had irreparably lost their hopes of enjoying so precious a jewel, since she was now mounted on so high a pinnacle of honour, that she was got above their reach. And the king, who knew his love to be no longer a secret not only smiled at the complaints and bitter reproaches of his jealous queen, but caused his fair mistress to be sumptuously attired, appointed servants to attend and wait upon her wherever she went; so that being decked in silks, gold embroideries and gems, she dazzled the eyes of all beholders, who could easily distinguish between fair Rosamond and all the other beauties of the court, she as far out-shining them as the bright beams of Phœbus outvie pale Cynthia's light, insomuch that the beauty of Rosamond, and her great state at court, became the table-talk of all the nation.

The king, being every day more and more pleased with Rosamond, that her friends and relations might be the better satisfied, promoted them to honour, and gave them places of profit; and Rosamond became the only intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at court, for whatever favor she asked, she was sure not to be denied, by which she not only advanced and relieved many decayed families, but often stood between
death

death and such as had incurred the kings displeasure; saving many that were condemned to die; and in all things she used those good offices with her enamoured soveraign, as gained her a general good esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of people, whose loud shouts and general acclamations declared their satisfaction.

Queen Eleanor growing outrageous, when she perceived that no kind words nor intreaties mixed with threats, could wean the king her husband's love from his new mistress, and though he labour'd other ways all he could to please and pacify, yet she her engines on work to fright her from his arms, and for the safety of her life, to enclose herself in a nunnery, which according to those superstitious times, was held so sacred and inviolable that whoever entered it could not be taken out again, no not by the king, without committing sacrilege, and incurring the curse of the pope; but fair Rosamond shewing him some letters, threatening her destruction, that were dropped in her lodgings on purpose for her to find and read, thereby to terrify and affright her from his arms, such enquiry was made about it, that some of those who had done it were discovered by similitude of hands, and severely punished; and many of the ladies who spoke detractingly of her, and gave her affronts, were banished the court; insomuch that at length, perceiving the king was in earnest resolutely

lutely bent to defend his fair one, they gave over any further projects of this nature ; and to prevent violence he appointed her a guard to wait on her at home and abroad ; and to remove her further from the queen's sight, that her envy and continual clamours, if possible, might cease, he caused a stately palace, called the delightful bower of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, to be built at great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the Dedalian Labyrinth, which he appointed for her country retirement, when she pleased to take the air.

This bower had many entries and passages underground, into which light came through narrow stone crevices, shaded with bushes, not perceivable to those that walked above, rising with doors in hills far distant, to escape from danger upon any timely notice, though the place should be suddenly besieged and surrounded and within it were intricate mazes and windings, through long entries, rooms, and galleries, strongly secured with a hundred and fifty doors ; so that to find the way out of and into the most remote apartments, the skilful artist had left a silver clue of thread, without the guidance of which it was next to impossible to be done. About this bower were curious gardens, fountains, and a wilderness, with all manner of delights for pleasant situation and recreation, to furnish it as another

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ther earthly paradise, for so fair a creature to inhabit and thither the king often resorted to see his beloved Rosamond.

But this more vexed the enraged queen, not only that she should have so famous a palace built on purpose for her, but that the king staid whole weeks in his visits, and left her to lie tumbling and tolling in much perplexity, whilst another enjoyed the embraces she expected: wherefore she consulted with her sons, now men grown, how to be revenged; and after many things argued and considered, it was agreed amongst them, that prince Richard, afterwards king of England, should go over and join with the French, to raise war against his father in Normandy, then belonging to the crown of England, which whilst he effected speedily would withdraw the king to aid his subjects, and subdue his enemies; and so, leaving his fair mistress behind him, and Rosamond being destitute of her chief defence, might lie open to their plots and contrivances against her life, which, while he was present would be frustrated. Nor was prince Richard slow in this, but made a fierce war, beat the king's lieutenant, and took many towns; which news coming to the king's ear, roused him as a lion from his den, and filled him with princely resolutions of revenge: it is true indeed, those different passions of revenge and love long struggled in his breast, but love at last gave place unto his

his honour, vowing his love should make revenge more sharp : and therefore he resolved to pass the sea, with a well disciplined and royal army.

This resolution of the king, by means of the keeper of her bower, came to the ears of Rosamond, which she received with an inexpressible grief ; her soul was filled with mourning to hear it ; her heart was turned a wardrobe of true passion ; the rosy dye that decked her blushing cheeks grew pale, and clouds immured the muffled skies of her resplendant beauty : so great her sorrow was, it even made the stars for pity drop down from the spheres, and Cynthia, in a gloomy vale of darkness inshroud the pale beams of her borrowed light. Had but queen Eleanor beheld her now, her envy would have fallen fast asleep, and cruelty herself have fell a weeping.

The king, however, firm to his resolves, being just ready to depart for Normandy, went last of all to take his leave of fair Rosamond, and to assure her of his love and kindness ; Rosamond had some notice of his coming, and of the errand he was come about, when straight her eyes grew dim, and down upon the ground forthwith she fell, and every object danced before her in the maze of death : her eyes were closed, and though she set in darkness, without the help of light, her beauty shined.

The king came in, and found her on the floor, in

all the storm of grief, sighing such breaths of sorrow, that her lips, which late appeared like buds, were now over-blown; and when she came a little to herself, she poured forth tears at such a lavish rate, that were the world on fire, they might have drowned the wrath of heaven, and quenched the mighty ruin. It would raise the pity of a marble breast to see the tears force through her lovely eyes, and lodge themselves on her red murmuring lips, which after a small respite, faintly said, "ah, dearest prince! how cruel is unkind fortune unto lovers, that we must so soon part; and my presaging soul forebodes never to meet again in this world, if now you leave me to the irreconcilable hatred of my merciless enemy, quite void of your royal shelter and protection. O, for this did I resign myself into your arms, and give up my virgin innocence and unspotted treasure to your will and pleasure; O, is there no English general, trusty and valient enough to defeat and scourge your rebels, but must you be separated from your faithful constant Rosamond, and venture your precious life, which is now dearer to me than my own, and all the valuable things in the world?"

She would have proceeded, but a mighty sorrow for a time stopped the utterance of her voice, and she had fallen to the ground had not the king caught her in his arms, tenderly embracing her, and kissing her wan and faded cheeks and lips a thousand times: then
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sitting her down by him, he said, "fairest of creatures, thou fairest and most fragrant rose of all the world, afflict me not thus with thy tears; but dearest Rosamond, at my entreaty, let them cease to flow, and let not such a mighty sorrow impair thy lovely beauties: you are not ignorant how often I have been victorious over those very enemies that now dare me forth to their destruction. I cannot but confess, indeed, I am grieved to part with my sweet rose; but adverse fortune proves an enemy to us both, in constraining this unkind separation, but no doubt my return will be speedy, and with success; then the laurel of victory I shall gain by dint of sword, shall crown my fairest mistress, and make her smile, when we meet again to renew our joys and delights. In the meanwhile, my precious jewel, I will wear thee on my heart, nor shall the rude alarms of the wars drive thy image thence."

To this fair Rosamond, with tears still flowing, and her snowy arms cast about his neck, replied, "and why may not I go with my so-much loved lord? I'll dress me like a page, and wait on you in all your dangers; and, when in the heat of battle your precious life is in distress, by the threatening sword and spear, I will boldly step between, and by receiving the wounds that threaten you, guard your life with the loss of my own; wait on you in your tent, and dress your food in the day, and at night I'll make your
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princely bed soft and easy to you, and take delight to do you all the pleasure that I can. O take me with you, for there is no such safety in the world for me, as in your royal camp ; but waiting for you, my life, is death !

She would have proceeded, but the king stopped her voice with many tender kisses, and interrupting her, said, “ my fairest rose, you are not fit to brook the toils of war ; ladies cannot endure the fatigues and hardships of camps : soft peace, and delightful pleasures, are most agreeable to their sweet tempers, therefore you must stay in England’s peaceful soil till I return. Then calling to Sir Thomas, her uncle, the trusty knight who had first given him an account of her rare beauty, he said, “ here, worthy knight, I commit this inestimable treasure to your sole care and conduct, my fair Rosamond, a treasure far more valuable than a kingdom. Take to you a strong guard for her defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you tender your life, that none be permitted to see her till my return. And expect, my fair mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your answers.”—“ Alas,” said she, “ this parting is worse than death, and I am afraid my death will be the fatal issue of it. I am sure the soul and body cannot part with so great pain, as I now part with you. Fain would I speak my last farewell, but cannot, there are so many deaths in that hard word. Go royal sire, that I may know my grief ; for
grief

grief is but guessed while you are standing by ; but I too soon shall know what absence is ; it is the sun's parting from the frozen north, while I stand looking on some icy cliff, to watch the last low circles that he makes, till he sinks down from heaven."—"Ah, Rosamond," replied the king to her, "methinks there is such mournful sweetness in parting, that I could hang for ever on thy arms, and look away my life into thy eyes : but I have far to go, and must hasten."—"And so have I," said Rosamond again, "If death be far, for that is the stage to which I am now going, from whence I never, never shall return." And so in tears they parted from each other.

Fair, but disconsolate poor Rosamond, gave a long look after the king, when he had parted from her, and just as he was out of sight (as if her sorrowful foreboding soul had told her she should never see him more) she with a dismal heart-piercing cry threw herself down upon her couch, and fell into a swoon, from which, when her attendants had recovered her, she so often fainted, that her maids had much ado to keep life in her ; but when she was recovered, she gave herself up to sorrow and melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some weeks, her sleep still going from her ; and when she slumbered a little, she started, crying out, "O save me ; save me ! here is the queen ! she has got me at last !" and with the fright awaked, scared and terrified with her dreams. Nor was it with-

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out reason that Rosamond was thus afflicted in her mind, for all this while queen Eleanor was plotting her destruction, which to effect, she first proposed it to some favourites, whom she had raised from a low condition to high promotion, but they started at it, as a thing full of danger, seeing if it were known, their lives would surely be forfeited, and lost at the king's return, unless they fled the land, and left all behind them, to the ruin of themselves and families. This so enraged the jealous queen, that she reviled them with a thousand reproaches of cowardice and ingratitude, for the many favours she had heaped upon them, which with some persuasions, and large offers, prevailed so far with several of her domestics, that they vowed to stand by her in the dangerous attempt, if she would but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it; that so, if it were discovered, she being the consort royal, would easily come off from the danger of the laws, and they, sheltered under the necessity of a positive command, might have a more coloured pretence and excuse for having a hand in the matter. To this she readily consented; and it being in summer time, undertook a progress, as she gave out, for her health, appointing at a set time her conspirators to hide themselves in a cave near the bower, over-shadowed with trees and bushes, and, at the sound of a horn, to rush out and do as she commanded, which they swore to observe; whereupon she counterfeited a letter, as from
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the king, to Fair Rosamond, and being near the bower, she hid herself in a grove, and sent one of her pages, dressed as a post, to deliver it to Sir Thomas, keeper of the bower, and no other hand, for such was the king's express command; and when he had delivered it, immediately to blow his horn.

This cunning device took to her wish, for the too credulous knight, seeing, as he thought, only a post-boy, and the spy from the turret, who watched the roads, informing they were clear of any people, he came without the gate, when immediately upon the signal given, those in ambush rushed upon him: with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his guard; but after many were slain on both sides, being overpowered by numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The fight being over, and the gates seized by her party, the queen came to the palace, and getting the silver clue, she entered the bower, causing all the servants she found to be slain, and in the furthest retirement, in a chamber gilded, she found the beautiful Rosamond, the object of her hellish spleen, all dazzling in robes of silver, adorned with gems, shining bright like an angel; at which sight she some time stood amazed, and began to melt in pity; but her jealousy soon reviving the flame of fury, with a stern countenance she said, "have I found thee, thou graceless wretch, who by thy lewdness hast shamefully taken my husband from me? come, lay aside your gaudy trappings, and
receive

receive the reward due to such as commit crimes like yours."

Fair Rosamond, seeing the angry queen before her, and hearing these dreadful words, trembled from head to foot, when, rising from her seat, she fell on her knees before her, imploring mercy and pardon for her offences, with a flood of tears begging she would have pity on her tender years, and pardon a crime she was constrained to act, and she would immediately cloister herself in a nunnery, and see the king no more, or else abjure the land: and if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her mercy and tender compassion to the infant that struggled in her womb, she might live, though in a dungeon, till she was delivered, and then she would willingly submit to die, so that the child might be saved alive.

This last request, which she concluded would move some pity, the more incensed the enraged queen; for hearing she was with child, her fury broke forth beyond all moderation, when snatching up a golden bowl which stood on the table, she poured a draught of deadly poison into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all excuses aside, to drink it up immediately; at which, when she trembled, and begged mercy with tears, the queen pulled out a dagger, and held it to her breast, saying, "you harlot, are you queesy stomached? if your dainty palate cannot

cannot relish poison, see here, I have steel for your panting breasts, to rid you out of the world."

The poor sorrowful lady, perceiving there was no remedy, but she must die, stood upon her feet, and with abundance of tears, and piteously wringing her hands, begged mercy of God for her youthful sins and failings, desiring that all stately beauties might be warned by her sad fall, not to be proud not aspiring, but rather contented with a lowly, safe condition; and often calling for mercy, she, with a trembling hand, put the bowl to her mouth, and drank the poison, which soon put an end to her life; whom the queen caused to be buried privately, with the rest that were slain, and so departed, rejoicing in the success her revenge had had on her rival, but she little considered the misery it would pull on her own head.

Other historians of great credit relate the circumstances of her death in the following manner: that fair Rosamond, sitting to take the air, let fall out of her lap a clue of silk, which running from her, the end of the silk fastened to her foot, and the clue still unwinding, remained behind; which the queen espying, followed, till she had found what she sought. It is generally said, that when the queen came to Rosamond, she presented her with a dagger and a cup of poison, bidding her take her choice, and she taking the latter, soon expired therewith. Others say, that when the queen saw her, being amazed at her beauty, she only upbraided

upbraided her with her unlawful familiarity with the king, and so left her, Rosamond telling her she would never be guilty of that fault again; but Rosamond lived but a short time after: however that was, certain it is, that the queen had made her that visit.

Not long after the untimely death of fair Rosamond, the king, who had many strange dreams concerning her, returned home victorious; but no sooner had he notice of her tragical end, but his joy was turned into mourning, and in a kind of distraction he rent his royal robes, shut himself up in his chamber, and would not suffer any to speak with him for many days, often weeping and crying out, "O my Rosamond, my fairest flower! how art thou blasted by a cruel death, and with thee all my joys are faded and withered? O thy parting tears presaged this event, that we should meet no more! O that I had staid to defend thee from this ruin, though at the loss of a country, nay, to the eclipsing my own fame and renown!"

When the king had a little eased his grief, he summoned his judges, and commanded them to make a strict enquiry after those that were guilty of these heinous crimes, who, fearing his displeasure, were so diligent therein, that most of them were apprehended, tried, and put to several the most cruel deaths, who, in their tortures, accused the queen, and laid the blame on her, who was not able to bear out herself, for so fierce was the king's indignation, that neither
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the apology, tears, nor the intercession of the nobles on her behalf, could appease his wrath, but being a foreign princess, her life was spared; yet the king, not only for ever renounced her, but confined her for her life-time to a strict imprisonment, and commanded, if she died there, her body should not be buried, but there moulder to dust; nor would he forgive her at his own death, for she out-lived him, and was set at liberty after his decease, by her son Richard, who succeeded his father, and considering the hardship of imprisonment, from experience, she by her own liberty, and the interest she had with her son, for the most part set the prison gates wide open, as well to criminals as debtors.

King Henry having wreaked his vengeance on the murderers of his beloved Rosamond, caused her body to be taken out of that obscure grave, wherein the queen had caused her to be laid, and buried her with all the funeral pomp imaginable at Godstow, near Oxford, erecting to her memory a stately tomb.

T H E

HISTORY OF JANE SHORE.

THE splendor of King Edward's court, and the great figure Jane Shore made there, by means of the extraordinary countenance and favour which king Edward shewed her, made her forget her disconsolate husband, and the sighs and tears of her parents, who would have rather seen her virtuous than great. 'Tis true, she never abused the power she had with the king, to the prejudice of any, and was always a friend to the poor, and to those who were in affliction and distress; and was so ready to do good, that when his courtiers durst not intercede for such as lay under the king's displeasure, she, with her ready wit and merry humour, would so abate his anger, that she oftentimes has saved the lives both of the rich and poor, and would be always a shelter to those who were oppressed by the exorbitant power of them that were great: she was easy of access to the poor, and so far from a mercenary spirit, that she never sold her favour, but would freely do any kindness that lay in her power for any, righting many that were wronged, but never wronging or oppressing any, which made her generally beloved by the common people. And often, when the king had been offended with his officers and servants,

servants, she, by her witty and tacetious carriage with the king, would drive away the storm, which otherwise would have poured down upon them; so that her very enemies would say, " 'twas pity she was a whore:" and that she was indeed; that was the stain that clouded all her glory, and blemished all the goodness which she had, or good she did, and sapped the foundation of her happiness. And yet, methinks, I can't but grieve to think her life should, at last, be closed by such a sad catastrophe: for when she went on a progress with the king, she frequently would send for all the poor, and still proportion her relief to their necessities; nor would she only by herself relieve them, but if she knew of any that, with the king, expected some good offices from her on that account, although she herself was never mercenary, yet she would put them upon being charitable to the poor, and if they did expect kindness from her, they should be good to them; and this, indeed, was very generous in her.

But notwithstanding all her charity and goodness, she was not without enemies at court; for there were ladies there that envied her favour with the king, and were not willing it should be engrossed so much by her, that they could have no share in it; and therefore, oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffled in their vain attempts; for she had always such a pregnant wit, and was so ready at her repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And though king.

Edward had another mistress before her, which he still kept, namely, the lady Beesly, yet Shore had always the ascendancy of her. Beesly pretended hugely to religion (which fits but very awkward on a whore) but Shore was always mighty brisk and merry, which made king Edward often joking say, "I have two mistresses of very different tempers, one is the most religious, and the other the most merry of any one in England:" and I must needs say, Shore was in the right on't; for Beesly would have done much better, either to have left her whoring off, or laid by her religion, because these two seldom agree together. And, I believe, king Edward thought so too, and therefore Shore had still the chiefest place in his affections, which made her have such crowds of visitors, both at her chamber door, when in the court, and at her chariot side, whenever she rode abroad, whose suits she still preferred, according to the utmost of her power, respecting the justice of their cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention, for a reason you shall know anon, how kind she was to Mrs. Blague, for whom she had procured of the king, a stately house and manor, of one hundred pounds a year; but how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a word, we cannot do justice to Mrs. Jane Shore, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful temper; and that she improved her interest with the king, for the benefit of all that stood in need of it, and to the
prejudice

prejudice of none but those who fought to oppress and tyrannize over their neighbours, for before she espoused any cause, she examined the matter, and always took the justest side.

Thus lived Jane Shore for some years, in the midst of earthly delights and worldly grandeur. But, alas! there's nothing stable nor fixed under the sun: kings, though they are earthly gods, must die like men; for they are made of the same mouldering clay with other mortals, of which king Edward was to Jane Shore too sad an instance; for he dying at Westminster, in the fortieth year of his age, and twenty-third of his reign, was buried at Windsor, in a chapel of his own founding, leaving behind him two young princes, to wit, Edward the Fifth, King of England, though never crowned; and Richard Duke of York, his brother, and five daughters.

King Edward being dead, the lord Hastings sent and took Jane Shore (whom he courted before king Edward knew her) to his own bed, keeping her as his concubine. And Shore thought it (after the king's death) the greatest honour she could then aspire to. Besides, she thought that lord would be a shelter to her from the anger of the queen, and of other ladies at the court, who bore no great affection to her in king Edward's days, because she engrossed so much of his favour. But the lord Hastings was so far from being able to protect Jane Shore, that he could not long

protect himself; for crook-back'd Richard, Duke of Gloucester, brother to the deceased king, having laid a wicked design to put the crown upon his own head, and to destroy his own nephews, endeavouring to bring in as many of the nobility to his part as he could, and the lord Hastings being one that had a great influence at court, having been in high favour with king Edward the Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain to the young king, the duke had a great mind to bring him over to his party; but fearing to disclose his mind openly to him, he made large promises, and gave great rewards to one Catesby, a favourite of lord Hastings, by secret and dark discourses to sound him, if possible, to bring him over to his side. This Catesby undertook to do; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the lord Hastings was no way inclinable to favour Gloucester's design, he told him of it; and though he had been maintained by the lord Hastings, and his fortune raised to what it was by him, yet he proved so base and treacherous to him, that he encouraged Gloucester to remove Hastings out of the world, if ever he intended to compass his design. This being resolved upon by them two, he called a grand council of lords at the Tower, to consider of suitable preparations for the coronation; and when they had sat a considerable time, he came in and took his chair, jesting with some of them, and excusing his too long stay; requesting of Dr. Moreton, bishop of Ely, some strawberries that
grew

grew in his garden at Holborn, which he immediately sent for, and took it as a favour, that the protector was so kind to him, as to put it into his power to oblige him in any thing. for there had been formerly no good understanding between them two. Then making some excuse for a short absence, he desired them to proceed in the method proposed. And about an hour after, he came in again, and took his chair, but with a countenance full of anger and resentment, frowning, biting his lips, knitting his brows, and shewing all the signs of one in an extraordinary passion; which strangely amazed all the council, so that they kept a profound silence; which the protector (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what punishment they deserved, who had wickedly plotted his destruction, he being uncle to and protector of the king? this question amazed them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such intention, the lord Hastings, who, by reason of the friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the bolder, replied, “my lord, such as have transgressed, deserve the severest punishment the law can inflict;” to which the other lords assented.—“Then,” said the protector, “that forcerefs (meaning the queen) and Jane Shore, have conspired by witchcraft to destroy me:” and then, drawing up his sleeve, he shewed his arm, which had been wasted from his infancy (as they all knew well enough) as a testimony

mony of what he said, bidding them behold how their charms had already begun to take effect on him.— Hereupon the lord Hastings, who (as has been already said) had taken Jane Shore to his bed, thinking to excuse her, said, “my lord, if they have done so, they deserve punishment.” “Thou traitor!” replied the protector, “servest thou me with *ifs* and *ands*? I tell thee they have done it; and that will I make good upon thy body:” and so, striking his fist upon the table, the room was presently filled with armed men, one of which struck at the lord Stanley, and, as nimble as he was to sink under the table, grievously wounded him on the head, and the protector himself arrested the lord Hastings, bidding him make haste to thrive himself, for by St. Paul (which was his usual oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his head was off; and so, being led out, into the green within the Tower, he was there beheaded on a log, without staying for the formality of a scaffold.

And here I cannot but take notice, how eminently the hand of divine justice was exemplified in the unjust execution of this lord, who had so far joined with the Duke of Gloucester, as to be aiding in, and privy to the execution of the queen’s father, the lord Rivers, and the rest of her relations, who were, by his contrivance, beheaded at Pomfret, on that very day on which, by the contrivance of Gloucester, himself was beheaded in the Towerr; so certain does sin and guilt lodge men to their destruction,

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The sudden and tragical fate of the lord Hastings was a sufficient premonition, or warning to Jane Shore of the storm that was now falling upon her own head : and therefore she thought it but a prudent piece of conduct to make some timely provision for herself.— The protector had already declared himself against her ; and Hastings, upon whom, after king Edward's death, her greatest hopes had been placed, had now lost his life, for but undertaking to vindicate her ; therefore she packed up all her jewels, and her rich garments, and all the best of her things, and brought them to Mrs. Blague's, telling her, that she saw a storm a-coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it ; and that, as she had served her in king Edward's reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her jewels, and other rich things, which, therefore, she had now brought with her, to put into her hands, as a place of security, that she might have them ready against a time of need.

Mrs. Blague seemed to commiserate her condition very much, telling her she was sorry to see such a sad turn of the times ; and that little good could be expected from such a bloody monster as the protector ; but whatever she left in her hands, she might depend upon it should be very safe, and that herself, and all she had, should be always welcome to her house, for
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she should never forget the kindness she had shewed her when she was in power, with several other large protestations of an intire friendship and fidelity. This designing hypocrite, Mrs. Blague (who was the first authorefs and cause of this poor gentlewoman's ruin, by first persuading and afterwards betraying her into the embraces of king Edward) having by her fair speeches got all her jewels, plate, and cloaths into her hands, did, in the time of her affliction and distress, which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous usage that ever woman met with for coming to her, when all she had was seized on by king Richard's order, and desiring to have some of her jewels to make a little money of, she not only denied that ever she received any of her, but called her a filthy strumpet, whore, and cheat, asking her if she came to put tricks upon her, with other base opprobrious speeches, and threatening she would have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of doors, without so much as giving her a piece of bread, although she begged it of her. And certainly, to one of so generous a temper as Jane had been, nothing could make a greater or deeper impression than such a barbarous treatment: I cannot therefore, blame her, when she afterwards gave to king Richard's officers, upon her being examined where it was she had disposed of her jewels and other things, a true account where they were all disposed; upon which they immediately repaired

paired to Mrs. Blague's, and demanded them of her ; but she served them as she had done Jane Shore, denied that she ever had them, alledging that they were never brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further ; which answer, though it was all Jane Shore could get, yet the king's officers would not be satisfied in, but having power on their side they entered in and searched the house, breaking open all her trunks and drawers, and finding them by that means, they made it crime enough in her to have denied them and therefore, as an accomplice of Jane Shore, they cleared the house of all that ever she had, and seizing upon her estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made Jane Shore ; and then her conscience brought to mind her black ingratitude, which made her sufferings appear just and right, and which she had so very well deserved.

But to return from this digression, the Duke of Gloucester, having pretended that Jane Shore was engaged in a plot against him, that he might the better hide the plot himself had laid against his two innocent nephews and the crown, sent his officers to the Lord Hastings's house to search for her : here she was but newly come back from carrying her best things to Mrs. Blague's, as has been before related ; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, where, by a special order from his highness, she was adjudged to do penance

penance for her notorious adulteries, committed with King Edward the Fourth, and afterwards with the Lord Hastings, with whom she had also plotted the destruction of his highness the lord protector of the king and kingdom. And this penance was performed in this manner: she was stript of all her wearing apparel, having only on her smock, and over that a white sheet, and in one hand a lighted taper of wax, and in the other a cross; in which garb she walked bare legged and bare foot all through Cheapside and Lombard street with a crowd of people to behold her; she looking so very lovely and charming, even in this penitent dress, that she was beloved by some, and pitied by others, and her hard fate lamented by all, except such as had engaged in Richard's accursed designs; this public penance of hers at that time being enjoined her, not so much as a punishment for her sins, as to amuse the minds of the people, that they might not busy themselves about those secret and treasonable designs that were carrying on at court, for the destruction of the young king and his brother, and the setting of the crown upon that monster's head, which soon after followed.

And therefore it was not enough that Jane Shore, was thus forced to do public penance, but the tyrant immediately puts forth a severe proclamation against her, importing, that whereas it was notoriously known that Jane Shore had for several years lived in open adultery with the late king Edward, to the high disho-

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nour of Almighty God, and to the shame and reproach of honesty and virtue, and to the grief of all good christians, and the impoverishment of the king and realm and the diminishing of the revenues of the crown, which she at her pleasure bestowed and lavished away, by enriching her friends and relations, contrary to the laws of the land; it was therefore declared, that wherever such money, plate, jewels, or things were given away by her, it should be forthwith seized again to the king's use: and further, that as a just punishment for those notorious crimes, and for engaging with the late Lord Hastings, and others, by secrecy and witchcraft, to take away the life of the Right Noble and Illustrious Richard Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the King and Kingdom, that they might the better compass their ends upon the young king and his royal brother, it was therefore strictly prohibited to all persons whatsoever, on pain of death, and confiscation of all their goods and chattels, neither to harbour her, the said Jane Shore, in their houses, nor to relieve her with food or raiment.

This was a home stroke indeed, and it would have been more charity to have taken and hanged her, than thus to have condemned her to starve alive, which was the design of this cruel proclamation; so that the poor miserable woman was forced to wander up and down in a shocking and disconsolate manner, seeking in fields and hedges for food to sustain her life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the dung-

hills, where (when she was known to come) some bones with more meat than usual would be thrown on purpose for her, by some that pitied her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor condition, the miserable wretch lived for some time, through the secret charity of well-disposed persons.

But after this wicked Duke of Gloucester had so far carried his point, that he was crowned king, and had caused his two royal nephews to be murdered, it so happened that Jane Shore going by the house of a certain baker that had received a particular kindness from her formerly, (for he having been condemned to die for being concerned in a riot in King Edward's days, she got his pardon freely) this baker, seeing her go by, looking thin and meagre, had so grateful a remembrance of her former kindness, that he could not forbear, notwithstanding the proclamation, from taking a penny loaf, and trundling it after her; which she thankfully took up, and blessed him, with tears in her eyes, it being to her an acceptable present. But it proved a costly one to the baker; for some of his malicious neighbours having seen it, (for envy alway's has a lynx's eye) informed against the charitable man; and the inexorable tyrant caused him to be hanged, for not obeying his cruel proclamation: and it would have been a mercy to Jane Shore, if he had also hanged her with him; for the poor baker's execution so terrified the people, they durst afford her no relief: so that in pi-

tious rags, hardly enough to hide her nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truly miserable and wretched spectacle, wringing her hands, and sadly lamenting and bemoaning her dismal and unhappy condition.

And here methinks I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing change of worldly glory, and indeed of all worldly things. They that had seen Jane Shore in the arms of King Edward, the chief in favor, smiling on whom she smiled, and frowning upon whom she frowned; her chamber like another court of requests, being always crowded with petitioners; could never have believed they should ever have seen her neglected, scorned, vilified, and reduced to that degree of poverty and want, that to have had the liberty of begging would have been esteemed a mighty happiness: sure it must be extremely surprising that she who was served in plate, and treated with the costliest viands that art or nature could procure, or water, earth, or air produce: that she, I say, should ever be reduced to that extreme degree of misery, as to be forced to sit on a dunghill, and glad to eat the refuse of dogs.

But to return to Jane Shore; though she lived like aameleon, almost upon nothing but air, all the time of King Richard, yet she made a shift, though but a very poor one, to survive that tyrant, who being slain in Bosworth-field, (too honourable a death for such a

bloody villain) his wretched corpse was stripped naked and, bloody as it was, laid upon a horse, like a calf, and carried to Leicester, where it was for two days exposed to the view of the people, and afterwards buried in the Grey Friars monastery, in the town. This tyrant's death gave a small respite to Jane Shore's miseries, for people then were not afraid to give her relief: and though she was still forced to beg, yet this was some kindness to her, that people might bestow their charity upon her without fear. This was but like a little reviving before death; for Henry the Seventh (who succeeded Richard the Third) having married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of King Edward the Fourth, who hated Jane Shore as much as her father loved her, procured another proclamation against Jane Shore, forbidding her to be relieved; which again caused her to wander up and down, naked and helpless and in as miserable condition as before: so that now being destitute of hope itself, (the only comfort of the miserable) and growing old withal, she finished her wretched life in a ditch, which from her dying in it, does to this day retain the name of Shore's Ditch.

However, though her sufferings in this world were exceedingly great, and rendered her a truly miserable object, yet were they a means of bringing her to a sight of her sins and a true repentance for them.

THE

DISADVANTAGES OF A BAD EDUCATION.

[JOHNSON.]

SIR, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered, in my first cries, such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the encrease of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusions of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness.

ma, therefore, governed the family without controul; and, except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction: the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at a table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal, than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manners. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentleman,

man, of mean conversation and narrow sentiments; but whom having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application; charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles; and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old,

old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar, five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but, as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and
most

most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice, and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception. I passed every morning in dress, and every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and, therefore, endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man, whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness, nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these witslings elevated his crest, by asking me, in a full coffee-house, the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation, by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem for the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, *Mr. Rambler*, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man.

Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

THE

IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO YOUTH.

THERE is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practise. Every fool who flatters away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good-sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember, then, that whatever knowledge you do not
solidly

solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen; you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should, sometimes, think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing, that you would have me do, ever afterwards.





Cruikshank delin.

Barlow sculp.

Publish'd by J. Roach, Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre, July 1, 1790

The
REWARD of VIRTUE,
by Walsh Jun.^r
EMILIA;

or the
Unforced Repentance,

by Griffiths.

The Complaints of the Five Senses
Tristler

On the BEAUTY and HAPPINESS of an
OPEN BEHAVIOUR &c. &c.

by Thomas R.



L O N D O N :

Printed for & by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office,
Hoburn Street Near Drury Theatre Royal. July 1st 1796.



T H E

REWARD OF VIRTUE.

[WALSH JUN.]

IN the ages which are past, men needed no inducements to prevail on them to become the votaries of virtue; and the small still voice of conscience, applauding their actions, rewarded them amply for the difficulties which they encountered in the practice of her precepts—But now, that virtue is despised, and conscience stifled in the vortex of folly and dissipation, it becomes necessary to inform the world of the various advantages which result from a life of virtue, in order to induce them to tread in her almost deserted paths.

With this view, I lay before my readers the following tale: and if it should conduce in the smallest degree to make Virtue appear in a more engaging attire, I shall rest contented with my humble labours.

In a small town in the vicinity of London lived Mrs. Wilson, the benevolence of whose disposition was the constant topic of conversation among the surrounding cottagers; while her affability and engaging manner made her acquaintance courted by the affluent and powerful.

By the loss of her husband, who was Captain of a frigate, and fell in the service of his country, she be-

came possessed of an income of 500*l.* a year, on which she lived retired; employing great part of her time in the education of her daughter, the beautiful Sophia.

In the days of childhood, her darling's artless prattle diverted the attention of its indulgent mother from resting entirely on the fate of her husband; and as she increased in years, the beauty of her person, and the sensibility of her heart, endeared her still more to her amiable parent.

Among those who were admitted to the acquaintance of Mrs. Wilton was a young gentleman of the name of Bosville, whose father was a merchant in London, and permitted him, during the summer months to reside at the town where Mrs. Wilton dwelt.

Mr. Bosville the elder, possessed of an immense fortune (which he had acquired by oppressing the needy, by defrauding the widow and ruining the orphan) bestowed a liberal education upon his son, although he intended him to practise the same cruelty which he had done before, without reflecting, that knowledge expands the heart and deprives it of the *exquisite pleasure* of being callous to the complaints of the unfortunate, and despising the woes of the miserable.

How great then must be his surprise, when his son refused to engage in dealings of iniquity! In vain he reasoned concerning the propriety of his measures: at length finding no argument would induce the young gentleman

man to adopt his means of acquiring wealth, he consented to his entering into fashionable life, in order, as he said, that he might become acquainted with the world, and thereby see the necessity of complying with his request.

Young Bosville at this time had attained his twenty-first year: it is not therefore surprising that the budding beauties of Sophia, joined with her extreme sensibility, should make a deep impression on a heart susceptible of every feeling which harmonizes the soul.

To minds like Bosville's the little decorums of the world appear trifling and superfluous; he therefore made no scruple of declaring his love. Sophia received the declaration as became her: above the little arts of her sex, she frankly acknowledged he was not disagreeable to her; and that, if the consent of their parents could be obtained, she should not be averse to uniting their fates together.

Let prudes and coquettes condemn the conduct of my heroine as beneath the dignity of the sex: but I regard not their censure, provided those possessed of sensibility applaud her generous feelings.

Bosville immediately after this interview departed for town, in order to consult his father concerning his marriage with the amiable Sophia.

On his arrival in London, without waiting for any kind of refreshment, he repaired to his father's house, and informed him of his intention. But what were

his sensations, when he discovered a lady was already provided whom he must look upon as his intended wife, and that unless he married her immediately he should never enter the house again ! For some time contending passions struggled for mastery in his perturbed breast ; duty and love were by turns predominant, at length the latter triumphed, and a flood of tears succeeded the victory.

Mr. Bosville, enraged, ordered his son immediately to depart the house ; whose pride forbade him to expostulate. With a sullen air he left the mansion of consummate villainy.—Not knowing whither to fly for succour—no friend to cheer his drooping heart, he almost involuntarily took a place in the coach for H—— : and before he had time to collect his thoughts, the stage stopped at Mrs. Wilson's. The blooming Sophia ran to meet him : he fell into her arms ; and, supported by her and the coachman, entered the once peaceful dwelling.—As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he informed Mrs. Wilson and her daughter of his father's behaviour ; and concluded with declaring he would not be united to Sophia, 'till fortune should again bless him with her smiles.

The lovely Sophia, though she could have wished young Bosville possessed of less delicacy, could not help agreeing with his opinion ; and at the same time hinted, she thought he might improve his fortune in
the

the East, where she had an uncle, who she did not doubt would protect him, and place him in a way of acquiring wealth with honor.

No sooner had Sophia delivered her opinion than Mrs. Wilson started from her seat and retired.— Amazed at her abrupt departure, the lovers continued in anxious suspense for about a quarter of an hour; when she returned, and gave a letter to Bosville which she had wrote, to be delivered to her brother at Bengal.

Hope, the last friend of the miserable, flattered the unhappy Bosville with prospects of future felicity, in the possession of the amiable Sophia: and, thus comforted, bade a cheerful adieu to her and her venerable parent.

During his passage, which lasted only six months, the recollection of past scenes would frequently intrude; but the hope of future happiness, when he should return laden with the riches of the East, rendered his regret less poignant than it otherwise would have been.

On his arrival in India, he repaired to the house of Mr. Marshal, Mrs. Wilson's brother, and was received with that cordiality which marks a generous heart. Mr. Marshal understanding from the letter that his intentions was to settle in India for a few years, and having at that period some business which required the attendance of a confidential person some hundred leagues up the country, immediately employed him to manage his affairs in that part.

Bosville, after having dispatched a letter to Sophia acquainting her with his arrival, set out for the place of his destination ; and arrived there with a heart beating with the wish of acquiring independance by assiduous perseverance.

Unfortunately there was no mode of conveyance from the place where he resided to Mr. Marshal, and consequently he could remit no intelligence of his manner of life to his beloved Sophia ; but imagining she would not be uneasy at his omitting to write, it gave him no serious concern, and he passed three years in tolerable composure.

It is now time to return to our friends in England, who during those three years were not so happy as Bosville would willingly have imagined them.

The person with whom Mrs. Wilson intrusted her fortune, soon after the departure of Bosville, became a bankrupt : and by that event, she, for the first time, experienced distress !

But the sweetness of her disposition had long taught her to regard all sublunary cares as the phantoms of a day, and her heart looked forward with anxious expectation to that period “ when the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

She now began to regard the omission of Bosville in not writing as the effect of prosperity, and imagined he had forgot the humble dwelling of innocence and peace.

Fixed in this opinion, her constant instructions to Sophia, were to bestow her affections on some other person. But the breast of sensibility knows no change of sentiment. Sophia regretted in secret the imagined ingratitude of Bosville; but her lips uttered no reproaches.

The reduction of Mrs. Wilson's circumstances obliged her to remove to some other part of the country, where she might exist upon the small pittance which Providence had still left her. She therefore removed to a distant part of Yorkshire, hoping there to enjoy the conveniences, having never desired the superfluities of life.

The virtuous are ever destined to pass through the fire of adversity ere they arrive at the goal of happiness: Mrs. Wilson had not been many months at her new dwelling before the 'Squire, seeing Sophia, became captivated with her charms, and introduced himself to the acquaintance of her mother.

This gentleman had acquired a degree of refinement beyond the common portion of *country* 'Squires; his conversation was enlivened with strokes of wit, which would not have disgraced a *London beau*, yet his heart remained a stranger to sensibility, and his desires were brutal. Seduction, with all its fashionable attractions, the *fame* of ruining a helpless young creature, and involving a fond mother in misery, presented themselves. The enamoured and unprincipled 'Squire determined

ON

on Sophia's ruin : he declared his love, and promised marriage.

The amiable Mrs. Wilfon, ever attentive to the welfare of her daughter, urged her to comply with the proposal of the 'Squire, representing the faithful Bosville as having forfeited every claim to her esteem by his ungrateful conduct : and concluded, with adverting to their present circumstances as an inducement to receive the addresses of the 'Squire. But Sophia still cherished the remembrance of the absent Bosville, and therefore acquainted her mother, it was with extreme pain she disobeyed her commands ; but her heart could never forget its firm attachments. Mrs. Wilfon entertained too great an affection for her daughter to urge any further, and therefore the following day informed the 'Squire of her determination.

Disappointed in his cruel hopes of seduction, he began to meditate plans of revenge against the gentle object of his desires ; and for that purpose made it his business to become acquainted with the affairs of her mother.

Unfortunately, after the division of the money which remained in the hands of her banker, she, imagining his failure to proceed from unsuccessful industry, intrusted him with her little remaining portion, in order to enable him again to enter business : but his villainy prompted him to abuse her kindness and make off with the whole of her fortune ! Disappointed in her usual
remittance,

remittance, Mrs. Wilson had neglected to pay the last quarter for the house she rented of the 'Squire; who learning from London of the elopement of her banker, immediately commenced an action against her for the money. Mrs. Wilson now became acquainted with her fate; the villainy of the 'Squire raised her indignation, but her misfortunes had taught her that the world is not peopled with the votaries of virtue, and she was not therefore greatly surprised at his villainy.

At this period, Mr. Bosville the elder died, after having endured the severest pangs of remorse, arising from the thoughts of his former way of life, and his unnatural conduct towards his son. But before his decease, in order to make some atonement to those whom he had injured, he bequeathed three-fourths of his fortune to be divided equally between Mrs. Wilson, Sophia, and his son, and the remainder to be applied to charitable purposes.

Various were the friends which the return of affluence created. But Mrs. Wilson despised the adulation of the multitude, and continued to move in an even track of rectitude and honor, without deigning to associate with those who had deserted her in her misfortunes.

Some little time after her release, the 'Squire, as a reward for his villainy, broke his neck in a fox chase; but the benevolent Mrs. Wilson possessed in an eminent

ment degree the Christian virtue of forgiving her enemies, and even lamented his death with unfeigned marks of sorrow.

The health of Sophia daily declined; the recollection of Bosville nightly disturbed her repose, and the remembrance of his supposed ingratitude made her eyes frequently stream with the tears of sensibility.

At this time the constant Bosville was on his passage from India, after having resided there three years. Disappointed in his hopes of acquiring a fortune, his heart could bear no longer a separation from the object of its attachment: he had therefore conquered his delicacy, and was coming to Europe to make a tender of himself to the lovely Sophia.

On his arrival in England, he traced the various removals of Mrs. Wilson with a mixture of surprise and admiration at her conduct; but when he learnt her present circumstances, his heart overflowed with transports of joy: and he repaired to her dwelling, elated with the hope of immediate felicity.

Sophia's joy at the explanation of his conduct, was equal to his own at finding her still constant through all her trials. While his delicacy was gratified by the recollection that he did not bring poverty to the arms of his beloved. Thus rewarded by Virtue, Hymen soon lighted his torch, and conducted them to his Temple.

Mrs

Mrs. Wilson, Bosville, and Sophia, now experienced the extent of human felicity. And they are frequently heard to exclaim, in the fulness of their hearts, "That Virtue is its own reward, and Vice its own punishment."

EMILIA;

OR THE

UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

A Story founded on Facts.

[GRIFFITH.]

LET not the Young or Fair cast a contemptuous eye on the following pages, when I tell them that the Writer of this Story is now in his seventieth year, and that he has not once visited the Metropolis, for the last five-and-thirty of them; but closely attended his duty, the care of the few souls that were committed to his charge, when he accepted the small living of which he is now possessed. But though a Parson, Ladies! he never preaches *out of the Pulpit*; and though his notions of the gay world may be rather antiquated, and the lively faculties of his mind a little blunted by years; yet, his tenderness and sensibility are neither become rigid nor obtuse: and he challenges the brightest pair of eyes, in this Land of Beauties, to shed

shed more tears at the following recital, than he has already done himself. He proceeds now to give out the text, and leave the readers to comment on it as they please, assuming no other character than that of a faithful Narrator, concealing only the names and conditions of the parties.

About eight years ago, I received the following letter :

“ Sir,

The unaffected benevolence, as well as purity of your character, which are attested by a crowd of witnesses, even all who know you, have induced a very young and unhappy lady to sue for your protection, and most humbly and earnestly to entreat that you will suffer her to find an asylum for her sorrows, which are of the most delicate and interesting kind, beneath your hospitable roof ; as it is only in retirement from the world, and in converse such as yours, that she will admit of the idea of consolation.

The particular subject of her distress must ever remain a secret, till she herself chuses to reveal it either to you, or any other person ; but to satisfy any scruples that may arise in your mind, from the apprehensions of receiving an improper inmate, I here affirm that she is a lady of unblemished reputation, blessed with affluence, and every grace and charm of mind and body, which did once constitute the happiness, as
now

Now the misery, of her fond husband, and

Your obedient servant,

HENRY MIDDLETON.

P. S. Please to direct your answer to Bath, where, if you should have any doubts remaining, you may be fully satisfied with regard to the character of the person who now addresses you."

I immediately returned the following answer :

" Sir,

After such a confidence as you have been pleased to honor me with, I think it would be impossible for any man, however hackneyed in the ways of the world, to have a doubt of your sincerity : and far, very far be it from me ; I shall, therefore, most willingly accept the precious charge you have thought proper to commit to my care, and most sincerely wish that it may be in my power to administer such consolation to the person's mind, as may restore it to its peace, and your happiness. I am fully sensible of those relative ties which should make us consider all mankind as our brethren ; but I confess myself possessed of a more sympathetic kindness towards the sons and daughters of affliction, than any others of the human race : and I have ever thought it the blessed privilege, as well as duty, of the Ministers of the Gospel, to speak comfort to the troubled heart, I by no means wish to enquire into the particular cause of the lady's distress,

but shall use my utmost endeavours to remove its effects.

I am truly grieved to inform you, that my amiable and excellent wife is at present in a very languid and weak state of health, which will, I fear, too soon deprive me of my highest earthly happiness, and prevent your lady from receiving the advantage of conversing with one of the best and most agreeable of her sex; whose cheerfulness remains even in her declining state, as it arises from

“The gay conscience of a *life well-spent*,”
the glorious reward of which she is hastening to receive.

From the date of this letter, I shall daily expect to receive your fair mourner, and shall think myself happy if I shall be able to convert her heaviness into joy.

I am, Sir, your most

Humble and obedient Servant.

E. W.”

In a few days after this correspondence, one of the handsomest and most elegant young men that I had ever seen, arrived at my house, and told me, that the lady whom I had promised to receive, would be there in about an hour. The deepest marks of sorrow were imprinted in his countenance; and pressing my hand with streaming eyes, he entreated me to place him in some situation, where he might, unseen, be indulged with, perhaps, a last look of his ever dear and unhappy wife! his lovely and beloved Emilia!

I imme-

I immediately complied with his request, and remained with him till I heard the sound of her chaise approaching: I then left him, and went to receive her at my little garden gate. No words can describe the elegance and beauty of her form and face; I confess I stood amazed, and had scarce power to offer her my hand, as she descended from the carriage. She saw my surprise, and with a look and voice of the most interesting sweetness, said, "I am much obliged to you, Sir, for condescending to receive an unhappy stranger beneath your roof; but I will give your family as little trouble as possible. Solitude is all I wish for, and I must entreat that you will suffer me to retire immediately to the apartment that is allotted for me, and direct my maid, who is the only attendant I have, to the place which is appointed for her."

I know not what reply I made; but I obeyed her commands, led her directly to her chamber-door, bowed and retired. When I came down stairs, Mr. Middleton was gone; he had mounted his horse the moment Emilia had passed by the place where he was concealed, and had left a letter for me on the table, containing a Bank bill for two hundred pounds, and the most earnest recommendation of his wife to my care and tenderness, with his address, and a request to acquaint him, at least once in a fortnight, with every particular relative to her health, both of mind and body; and added, that as soon as he found himself

sufficiently composed, he would visit me privately again. He observed, that his lady's maid had never seen him, and did not know Emilia's real name, as she had been hired by a friend, and placed at an Inn on the road to be in readiness to be picked up on the way. This circumstance, I apprehended, he informed me of, in order to guard me from dropping any hint before her of the mystery of her lady's situation or story.

The conduct of this whole affair had something very unaccountable in it; but the parties must have prepossessed any body in their favor, and satisfied them that they were perfectly amiable and unhappy. For several weeks Emilia confined herself to her chamber, nor did either my wife or I attempt to obtrude upon her retirement; she eat but once a day; and that sparingly, and in silence: but being at length informed by her servant, that I read prayers to my family every evening, she desired leave to join our little congregation.—By degrees she became less reserved, and sometimes dined with us; and when the delicate situation of my wife's health prevented her from leaving her apartment, Emilia would frequently pass an hour in converse with her there, and tell the suffering saint how gladly she would exchange the bloom of youth and beauty, to be in all respects, like her.

I continued to write to Mr. Middleton, according to his request, and constantly received answers, fraught with the utmost tenderness towards his beloved wife;
but

but whenever I mentioned my having heard from him to her, she always answered quick, "I hope he is well! May he long be so!" and bursting into tears, instantly left me.

More than a year elapsed without the smallest visible change, either in the person or behaviour of our lovely guest. She attended our family devotions and the Church service regularly, but declined receiving the Sacrament; and when I took the liberty of mentioning to her my surprise, that a person of so pure and uniform a life as hers, should deny herself that heavenly consolation; she answered, with a heart-rending sigh, "Alas! you know me not! I acknowledge the duty, and am sensible of its expediency, but a mind disturbed, is not in a fit state to partake that blessing. A soul at war within itself, is incapable of tasting the cup of heavenly peace and bliss." I used every argument that a person, ignorant of her situation, could urge, to reconcile her to herself; but still in vain, and sighs and tears were all she would utter in reply.

At length I received a letter from Mr. Middleton, desiring me to inform his wife, that "he could no longer support the anguish he endured from living in a state of separation from All that he held dear, and that he thought the sacrifice he had already made to her delicacy, entitled him at least to the melancholy pleasure of sometimes seeing and conversing with her, to which, if she required it, he would bound all his

wishes ; but if she still continued to refuse him that small indulgence, he would immediately quit England, and retire to some part of the world, where she, nor any other creature that belonged to him, should never hear of him again."

I prevailed upon my wife to convey this intelligence to Emilia, as I imagined she could more properly and persuasively expatiate on the reasonableness of Mr. Middleton's request, than I could ; but the unhappy effect which it produced upon her, soon rendered it necessary for me to become a party in the melancholy scene. At the bare mention of her husband's presence, she was seized with agonies that threw her almost into convulsions ; she did not, could not weep, but with a voice scarcely articulate, exclaimed, " Never, never will I renew his miseries, and my own ! He thinks *he* can forget—I know *I* cannot. Tell him but that, and if he ever loved me, conjure him, O conjure him, to let me live in oblivion, and die in peace !"

The violent perturbation of Emilia's mind began soon after this visibly to affect her health. For near six weeks she never stirred out of her chamber, and seemed alarmed at the sight or sound of every creature that came near her, even of her own maid ; spending her time equally between reading, tears, and prayer.

As soon as her unhappy husband was made acquainted with the sad effects his letter had produced, he came to my house very early one morning, muffled up in his riding-

riding-coat: but indeed he wanted not a disguise to conceal him; for he was so much altered, that, till he spoke, I did not recollect him: his face was pale and emaciated, and his whole figure shrunk. He told me, he had determined to comply with Emilia's request, and never more disturb her peace during the remnant of his wretched life, which he was well convinced would be but short; for that his physicians had pronounced him in a swift decline, which he was sensible was brought on by sorrow for her loss: but that was a circumstance he wished her not to know; and that he hoped his death might be concealed from her as long as possible, as he was certain it would add still further to her unhappiness.

He said, he was resolved to go abroad immediately; not in the fruitless hope of recovering his health, but if possible to alleviate the anguish of his mind, which was then become insupportable to him; Time seeming rather to increase, than abate his sufferings. He left me a letter of credit on his banker; and after breathing forth a thousand tender prayers and wishes for the re-establishment of his Emilia's health and peace of mind, he took his everlasting leave of me, and departed for the Continent.

Prejudiced as I was in favor of my fair guest, I could not help charging her with a species of cruelty and obstinacy, which I knew not how to account for. Not having been instructed in the story of their disunion,

union, I was at a loss where to lay the blame ; but methought there could have been no offence, on either side, so heinous, as that the sorrow and contrition shewn by each, might not have fully atoned for.

In about a month after his departure, Mr. Middleton wrote to me, and desired I would acquaint his wife that he was then in Italy, and also that I would continue my accounts of her health ; enclosing my letters for him to his steward, who was the only person in England that knew where he was. He then, in the tenderest terms that can be conceived, implored me to try to prevail on Emilia to write to him ; as that was now the only intercourse that could subsist between them ; and he was persuaded that her compliance would lengthen his days, or at least render their duration more supportable.

As soon as I had read this epistle, I determined to use every means in my power, to prevail on Mrs. Middleton to comply with her husband's request ; and flattered myself, that if I succeeded so far, a reconciliation might take place between this unhappy pair, before the apparently approaching death of Mr. Middleton should for ever dissolve their former union. I lost not a moment, but went directly to her apartment, with his letter in my hand, and immediately told her that he was in Italy.

“ Thank Heaven, thank Heaven ! ” she quick exclaimed ; “ for since our persons are separated for life,

I would

I would have our situations as far divided too, as this world can sunder them. We shall both breathe the freer now ; and as our minds will be more at ease on this account, it may serve to compose our spirits to peace, and thereby perhaps restore our bodies to health again."

I then presented his letter to her. When she had read it, she remained silent for some minutes after, as if revolving what to do, the tears fast flowing down her lovely face ; then said, " My husband's will shall be obeyed.—Yes ; I will write to him since he desires it, though little does he seem to know what he requests ; I must speak daggers to his heart, if I break silence."

In the evening of that day, she sent her letter to me, desiring I would forward it immediately, and begged to be excused from coming down to prayers, as she found herself unable to sit up. My heart bled for her, yet did I still rejoice, that whatsoever pain it cost her, she had fulfilled this duty to her unhappy husband.

Six weeks passed away before we received any answer from Mr. Middleton ; during which time Emilia never left her apartment, and seemed to grow every day more weak and languid ; yet was her temper perfectly unclouded, and I even thought that as her health declined, her mind acquired new strength and vigour. Both my wife and I devoted our utmost attention to
her,

her, and frequently by her desire summoned our little congregation to prayers in her apartment, in which she always joined with the most edifying fervor.

At length our most-desired and long-expected packet arrived from the Continent, and brought a letter only for Emilia ; which contained these words :

“ Thanks, my beloved, my ever dear Emilia, for this last proof of thy remaining tenderness. Alas, my Love ! this is the sole return that my now nerveless hand can make ; but the last sigh which this sad heart shall breathe, shall bless you for it. Thy husband shall expire in peace, Emilia, now certain of thy love. I could write volumes on this darling topic, would my weak frame permit : but 'twill not be ! I die, Emilia, but I die in peace ! Let this blessed thought console you for my loss, that it is you have quieted my anxious heart. Adieu, most lovely, beloved, and unhappy of women ! and may we meet again in that blessed place, ‘ where sin and death shall be no more ! ’ Till then, a last adieu !

H. MIDDLETON.”

It is impossible for words to give any idea of Mrs. Middleton's affliction, upon reading this letter ; her tears seemed to flow from an inexhaustible spring ; she neither eat nor slept, and it may be truly said of her, that “ her soul refused comfort,” This melancholy letter was soon followed by the account of Mr. Middleton's death, which was brought, with his will, to

the

the disconsolate, and now dying Emilia. He had left her sole heiress and executrix to all his fortune, excepting some legacies to his servants, and five hundred pounds bequeathed to me, "for the care and tenderness," as was his expression, "I had shewn to his beloved wife."

In a few days after this melancholy event, Emilia sent to desire I would come to her. To my surprise, I found her eyes were dry, her countenance composed, her voice and look, though feeble, yet were firm. She thus addressed me:—"At length, my good and worthy friend, I feel the happy hour of my release drawing nigh; and as it has pleased the Almighty to visit me with the sharpest and bitterest of afflictions that my frail nature could sustain, I will trust in his mercy that my sorrows may find favor in his sight, and that great and numerous as my crimes have been, I may still hope for pardon, through His merits who died for all sincere penitents."

I urged every argument that I thought could bring consolation to her self-troubled and afflicted soul. She heard me calmly, and returned me thanks; but said, as I yet knew not the extent of her offences, I could by no means judge how far her penitence might be accepted of; for though in thought or deed but guilty of one crime, yet from its effects she stood condemned for many, even the most atrocious of them all—for murder.

murder. "Though Heaven is my witness, I would have died to save him," she exclaimed; "yet I am certain that I killed my husband, and can the sufferings of this poor short life atone for such a crime?"

I endeavoured to urge to her, that we could only be accountable for intentional evil; and that a person might be free from guilt, though they should have been the innocent cause of another's ill. She seemed not to mark the least attention to what I said, but continued her self-expostulation, adding, "Wherefore do I now delay to own my past transgressions, or reveal my shame? He who alone could suffer from my crimes, is lodged beyond the power of malice or of misery, and now enjoys the bright reverse of all his sufferings here. Then hear my story, and as far as one finite Being can presume to judge another, pronounce your thoughts with truth and impartiality."

THE STORY OF EMILIA.

"I AM the only child of the late Colonel D—. I lost my mother before I could be sensible of her fondness: my father survived her only till I was ten years old. His estate was entailed, and descended in course to his next brother, who had an employment at Court, was married to a lady of distinction, and lived in what is called the Gay Circle of the world, Five thousand

and pounds was all the provision my father could bequeath me; and with this small portion, I was brought home to my uncle's house, who was also my guardian, to be educated by my aunt, in a stile of life which would have called for ten times the fortune I was mistress of to support. But as my uncle had no children, I was deemed his heir, and treated with that kind of distinction, which a person in such circumstances might have had a title to. I had a governess appointed for me, with masters in every science *but that of Virtue*. The progress I made in the little arts that were taught me, were daily, nay, hourly extolled; and, at fifteen, I was complimented with being not only the most beautiful, but the most accomplished young woman in the world. I was admitted of all my aunt's parties, and lived perpetually amongst the vain, the idly gay, and vicious. Cruel—cruel Lady Eliza D——! O, what hast thou to answer for!

At Court, or somewhere else—no matter now—Mr. Middleton saw, and liked me; he became a frequenter of my aunt's assemblies, and, in about two months acquaintance, proposed for me to my uncle. He acquainted his lady with this, as with every other transaction of his life, and she highly disapproved of the alliance. Her nephew, the Earl of S——, liked me, and so did many other men of quality; she thought it would be throwing the girl away; but he had a right to dispose of his Niece as he thought proper.

I both hope and believe that my aunt did not know her own motives for endeavouring to prevent my marriage, though they have been since but too apparent to me. Lady Betty had been brought up in high life, and used to gaiety and dissipation. Not being possessed of either much beauty or fortune, she had waited long in vain, for a match suitable to her rank; and in her thirty-ninth year married my uncle. She had been his wife above twelve years; of course she was no longer young; and if I had quitted her family, she feared the youthful part of her acquaintance might forsake her parties. Mr Middleton received his denial, and withdrew.

Soon after this event, my uncle was seized with an apoplexy, and left his unhappy wife and niece without the means of subsistence. His estate had been mortgaged for its full value, and his other creditors greedily seized on his personal property, though it could not possibly pay them five shillings in the pound.

In this distress Lady Betty applied to many of her *illustrious kindred* for their assistance; but while they withheld their bounty from her, they were liberal in their reproaches for her former expensive and inconsiderate mode of life; and all, except her nephew, totally abandoned her to her distress. But he was under age, and could do little but make large promises, both to his aunt and me. The generous Middleton alone stepped forth to save us; he renewed his addresses

and

and received my grateful hand, as soon as decency, with respect to my uncle's death, would permit. Accursed as I am, why did not my worthless heart accompany the fatal gift ! Yet then I thought it did. You have seen his person, and know that it was lovely :— I even thought it so, and yet I loved him not. Detestable indifference ! Vile ingratitude ! masked beneath the frigid term, Esteem !

He settled two hundred pounds a year upon my aunt, with which she retired to live at Bath. On me, and me alone, his fond heart doated ! I was indulged in every folly and caprice that my vain thoughts could frame ; and though he wished for the enjoyment of my converse in a more retired scene than London, he never even hinted a wish for quitting it, till I began to complain that every one had left it, and desired to go into the country for variety. He was charmed with my request, and we set out immediately for his seat in Cheshire.

Towards the latter end of summer, Lord S——, whom I have already mentioned as my aunt's nephew, came to make us a visit. He was equally acquainted with Mr. Middleton and me, and was received by us both with equal friendship and hospitality. He was now of age, and had assumed a more manly and consequential air, than he had been possessed of in the earlier part of my acquaintance ; but he seemed to have

contracted a tender kind of melancholy in his looks and manners, which never fails to interest us.

This soft languor seemed daily to encrease, and he would frequently sit whole hours in company with Mr. Middleton and me, without uttering any sound, but sighs.—I used to rally him on being in love : he would gaze at me with ardor, and say I guessed too well ; then quit me hastily, and retire to his chamber, in which he sometimes passed the whole day alone, pleading indisposition.

Just at this time Mr. Middleton received a letter, informing him, that his only and much-loved sister was given over by the physicians at Bristol, of a consumption ; and that she requested he would indulge her with the pleasure of seeing him in her last moments.

I know not by what sad fatality this fondest, tenderest of husbands opposed my going with him ; but he told me, he could not think of my being engaged in such a melancholy scene ; and added, that the laws of hospitality required my staying upon Lord S——'s account ; that his going was indispensably necessary, but that he should not be absent more than ten or twelve days. I acquiesced in his determination, yet felt the strongest reluctance at being left behind. I wept extremely, but used no arguments to oppose his will : he was delighted at my sensibility, and, kissing off my tears, assured me it should be our last separation. Prophetic were his words ; it was our first and last ! for

never

never more did we embrace each other, or meet in the soft bands of peace and love.

I was so much affected by Mr. Middleton's departure, that I continued in my chamber the whole day he left me :—Lord S—— also confined himself to his. On the next, he also desired to be excused from coming to dinner, but requested I would do him the honor to admit him to drink tea in my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with his apartment, as he found himself too weak to come down stairs.

I thought that there was a great deal of affected delicacy in his request, though I complied with it; but when I saw him, I was alarmed at the sudden change in his appearance. He looked as if he had been ill a month, and his spirits seemed so totally depressed, that tears stood trembling in his eyes when he spoke to me. I entreated him to send for a physician immediately : he replied, that his disease was beyond the power of medicine, and death his only remedy.

I was really touched with compassion for his situation, and prescribed a number of trifling medicines, such as sal volatile and lavender-drops. He would suffer me to prepare them, and say, he would take any thing from me ; but when I brought them, he would catch my hand, look wildly on me, and say, " The cause alone can cure its effects ;" then turn his head away and weep.

He grew every day more weak and languid, and at last was confined to his bed. A physician attended him, though much against his will; and he absolutely refused to take any of his prescriptions, except from my hand. I will not pretend to say that I did not suspect the source of his malady, though he had never dared to reveal it expressly. But, alas! I never once suspected my own weakness, or that my heart could be susceptible of any sentiment but compassion towards him; and *that* I thought was due to his unhappy passion, while he confined it within the bounds he had hitherto preserved. Idle and dangerous salvos!

About a week after Mr. Middleton's departure I received a letter from him, acquainting me that his sister, though very ill, was likely to live some weeks longer; and that, as she could not bear the thoughts of his leaving her, he wished me to come to Bristol, as he was unhappy at being absent from me; and lamented my being alone, as he supposed Lord S—— had left our house before that time.

I confess, I felt a little kind of mortification to my vanity, at finding it possible for any thing, however reasonable, to detain him from me. I however concealed this childish resentment, acquainting him only with the impossibility of my meeting him at Bristol, from the unlucky circumstance of Lord S——'s ill health. He perfectly acquiesced in my reasons for
not

not going to him, and most tenderly lamented the disagreeable necessity that occasioned our separation.

Lord S—— continued to languish in the same unhappy state, for above a fortnight, without any visible change; till one morning, about three o'clock, my maid came into my chamber and waked me, to let me know that his lordship was dying, and earnestly entreated to see me for a moment. Impelled by humanity, I staid not to consider of his request, but hurrying on my cloaths, I hastened to his bed-side. He made many apologies for having disturbed my repose, implored me to listen to his last words, and desired his servant to withdraw.

My spirits were too much agitated to admit of any consideration; I therefore made no objection to being left alone with him, and sat silently attentive to what he was going to utter. He began by assuring me, "That nothing but the situation he was in, could ever have tempted him to reveal the secret he was about to disclose; but as he thought himself a dying man, he hoped I would not refuse my pardon to his confession, when he owned that he long had loved me."

I started at the expression! He seized my hand and bathed it with his tears, entreating my forgiveness, and begging of me to reflect that his claim to my affection was prior even to Mr. Middleton's, for that his had commenced before my husband saw me; but as he was then under age, and knew that his guardians
would

would not consent to our marriage, he had concealed his passion out of prudence, bashfulness, and respect; till his hopes were blasted by the suddenness and unexpectedness of my wedding; that from the time he heard of that event, he had endeavoured, but in vain, to conquer that unhappy passion, which had now brought him to the grave; and that the sole return he expected or desired, even for the loss of life, was but my pardon and pity; and if I granted them, he should resign his breath in peace.

His sorrow was contagious: I wept with him, and O! too surely pardoned and pitied him. There are virtues which are dangerous even to Virtue itself. Let me pass over the guilty consequences of my fatal compassion: suffice it to say Lord S—— recovered, and I became a vile, distracted, and unhappy wretch! Quickly, very quickly, the guilty delirium that had involved me in ruin, fled: I looked upon Lord S—— with hatred rising almost to madness, and on myself with horror: but when the idea of my fond, my injured husband smote my heart, what words can paint my agonies! I am amazed that Reason held its seat, and more so still, that life remained within my tortured, feeble frame. A thousand times I resolved to rid myself of a being that was now rendered hateful to me; but the terror of accumulating guilt upon my wretched soul, withheld my purpose; and the idea that

I ought

I ought to suffer, determined me to live for that end only.

My scattered reason at length collected itself into this stedfast resolve, which the poor remains of my frail virtue served to strengthen and confirm ; never, as poor Monimia says, “ to bring pollution to my husband’s arms ;” but from that hour to consider myself as an alien to his heart and home, to confess my guilt, submit my future fate to his determination, and unrepining bear whatever condemnation, or condition of life, and punishment, his justice or resentment should think proper to allot me.

This point once determined, my mind became somewhat more calm ; and I wrote to Lord S——, whom I had not seen for several days, though he still remained in the house, commanding him not only to quit my sight for ever, but to leave the kingdom immediately ; acquainting him with the resolution I had taken, which must necessarily bring on an eclairsissement between Mr. Middleton and me, that must end fatally to one or other of them. Though I detested, I reproached him not—my conscience told me, I was by far the greater criminal.

He wrote to me immediately ; I returned his letter, with the seal unbroken, in an envelope, which contained these words :

“ Nothing can shake my determination. Had my virtue been as strong as my penitence, we had neither

of us been miserable. May your contrition be as sincere as mine! and may we both find forgiveness from the Father of Mercy! though I neither can or ought to accord it to myself, whilst I exist on earth. Write to me no more, but obey."

He wrote another letter, which I also returned unopened; and being at last persuaded of my resolution, he withdrew the next day, leaving a card upon my dressing-table, with only these words.

"I obey for ever! Who can bear to be a wretch for ever!"

I thought a part of the load that lay upon my heart was removed by Lord S——'s leaving my house; but I knew not that its severest conflict was to come. The window of my dressing-room where I now constantly sat, looked upon the lawn that fronted the house: I saw a carriage arrive, and Mr. Middleton leap from it with all the ardor of a lover. I thought the icy hand of Death had benumbed my every faculty, and remained petrified, till he flying, as it were, into the room, and catching me in his arms, I gave a piercing shriek, and fainted there.

Never was astonishment or concern greater than his; he accused himself of indiscretion, for having surprised me with his presence, and vainly fancied it was my sudden joy that had overpowered me; but when my breath returned, I did not dare to open my sad eyes, or look on his wronged face; nor indeed should I have

seen

seen him if I had; for showers of tears poured down my pallid cheeks, and quite obscured my sight. I could not speak to him—sorrow and shame had stopped all utterance. He appeared almost distracted, and enquired of all around him what it meant; then kneeling at my feet, implored me but to look upon him.—Alas! he sued in vain; it was impossible for me to bear his presence. I was put to bed by his directions, and a physician sent for, who talked to him of tremulous pulse, and agitated nerves, to which my whole disorder was imputed, and my recovery promised from rest and anodynes: but like Macbeth's physician—he could not

“ Minister to minds diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.”

He therefore but tormented, not relieved me. I however continued to bear his unavailing attention for a considerable time, as my apparent illness furnished a pretence for confining myself to my bed. I now constantly remained with the curtain closely drawn, so that when my husband came into my chamber, they screened him from my sight. His anxious tenderness could no longer bear the apprehensions he suffered from
my

my situation, and he resolved to have me removed to London for better advice, though I were to be carried in a litter.

I was extremely alarmed at his intention, and determined to exert the very little strength I had then left, to put an end to his delusion, and I hoped his misery. For this purpose I rose at midnight, when the family were all retired to rest, and sat down to write to him. In vain—I found no words that could express the feelings of my heart, or paint its miseries; my tears washed out the letters as I wrote, and so entirely dimmed my eyes, that I found it impossible to execute my purpose. From this symptom, I flattered myself I was dying; and this hope animated my spirits, and inspired me with sufficient resolution to see my injured husband, reveal my crimes, and, if possible, expire at his feet.

I went again to bed, but wept and prayed through the remainder of the night. About seven in the morning, I called the maid, and ordered her to desire Mr. Middleton to come to me, who was delighted with the summons. The moment he opened the door, he flew to my bed-side, fell upon his knees, and taking hold of one of my hands, bathed it with his tears. I attempted to withdraw it, at the same time declaring that if he came nearer to me than he then was, I never should speak more. He remained as if congealed, and seemed
unable

unable even to draw his breath ; so much did the extraordinariness and solemnity of my speech and manners astonish and affect him.

With streaming eyes I then proceeded to explain my conduct, and declare my guilt. I had not looked upon my husband's face during my confession, and therefore could not see the change wrought there ; but while I spoke, he gave a groan, and fell quite senseless to the ground. Inspired with sudden strength, I know not how, I instantly sprang up, and called for help. The Doctor luckily was in the house, and blooded him immediately. As soon as he opened his eyes, he exclaimed, " It is impossible ! my loved, my dear Emilia ! save her from herself ! her reason is grown wild—she raves." I heard no more ; the strong exertions I had used now overpowered me—I fell into a swoon ; he would not be with-held, but caught me in his arms, and bathed my cheeks with tears, imploring Heaven to restore my reason and my life.

Why should I dwell upon these tender scenes, or wound your friendly, sympathetic heart ! Suffice it to say, that my unhappy husband was at last convinced the tale of misery I had told him was too true.—Even then his fondness triumphed over his resentment ; he not only forgave, but seemed to forget his wrongs, and endeavoured by every means in his power, to make me do so too. Alas ! that was not possible.—He proposed numberless expedients to try to recover our lost
VOL. III. 10. I happiness ;

happinefs; in vain he ftrive to call it back; it was fled for ever: Content and Guilt inhabit not one bofom.

I found it utterly impoffible to fupport his kindnefs, and continually implored him to remove me from his fight for ever; for well I knew that whilft he faw me, he would love and pity me! and from this motive only, Heaven is my witnefs! I refufed to fee him. At length I prevailed fo far as to obtain his promife, that if there could be a proper afylum found me, he would fuffer me to retire to it for a time, in hopes of reconciling me to myfelf.

Beneath your roof I found the wifhed retreat, and know not how far Time's lenient hand, and your pious friendship, might have had power to draw the pointed fhafis of fin and fhame from my torn bofom, had it not pleafed the Almighty to add the affliction of my husband's death, of which too well I know myfelf the caufe.—But humbled in the duft, my foul fubmits to His all-wife decrees, and feels its punifhment not more fevere than juft. Now fpeak your sentiments of my paff life, and freely fay, if you fincerely think that I may hope for mercy."

I hope there lives not a Cafuift fo Pharifaically rigid, that has read Emilia's ftory, and does not wifh me to fpeak peace and pardon to this fair, unhappy penitent. Had I the tongue of men and angels, I would aloud proclaim, in honor of the God of Mercy, that
her

her sins were forgiven her; "For though they were as red as scarlet, her penitence had made them white as snow."

Her gentle spirit was comforted—she received the blessed Sacrament from me, and, in about eleven days after, resigned her soul, without a sigh, into His hands who gave it.

THE
COMPLAINTS OF THE FIVE SENSES.

[TRIFLER.]

The *Senses* present their respectful compliments to Mr. Touchstone, assure him they are much injured by the world, and beg leave to make their grievances known through the medium of his paper.

HEARING.

"IN this age of musical trenzy, when every one's ears are on a sudden become harmonious, and every voice is taught to quaver, and to squeak by rule; judge how my sensations are abused by the consequences of the present rage for music, and how often I am constrained to the broken notes of ignorant, but presumptuous melodists. I who have hung with attention on the powerful exertions of a *Billington*, and died with rapture at the divine strains of *Mara*, am also in my turn obliged to give ear to the croaking of

petit maitres, lately taught to sing, and frequently rendered melancholic by the pressure of discords under the clumsy fingers of our city misses ; add to which, some one of our country women was bit a few years ago by a mad *French master*, and the *mania*, which instantly became general, has, alas ! proved hereditary, nor is there a girl to be found, search where you will, from *Temple-bar* to *Bow-church*, who has not something of a *penchant* for this elegant and fashionable gibberish. I am perpetually tortured with the agonizing sounds of a false pronunciation, and clap my ear where I will, whether to the nursery of my *Lord-Duke*, or to the aspiring cabal of a city boarding school, *commong vouze*, *porteze vouze*, commences the elegant conversation, in which *je vouze swete un bonnet*, stands the final clause. Think, Sir, how the delicate fibrillæ of my auditory nerve must suffer at the discordant sounds of uninstructed practitioners on the harpsichord, and how justly they must revolt at the jarring of stupid, self-conceited boobies. Nor am I less pestered with the forced and false articulation of *Italian* ; for since *music* has become the rage, all our ladies must, at a certainty, learn this sweet language ; where can they meet with harmony so lively, so brisk, and enchanting, as that of the *Italians* ; and how shall they understand this, but by acquiring the language in which these are composed ? the attainment of this, therefore, has of late years been considered as a necessary part of fashionable education, and

and from the imperfect pronunciation which our ladies acquire in their own country, and the wretched manner in which they sing their cantatas, I am really, Mr. Touchstone, almost distracted. To you, Sir, I apply, as to a man incapable of perusing my troubles, without instantly being sensible of my distress; I hope then, Sir, whilst you allow my complaint to be well-grounded, you will think the above abuse a sufficient provocation to incur the displeasure and resentment of the sense of HEARING."

SEEING.

"As for me, dear Mr. Touchstone, I find every thing turned topsy-turvy; our ladies walk about, and seem to experience little or no inconvenience from the cold, whilst our beaux betray every symptom of poor perished creatures, and appear much more in want of muffs and tippetts, than the fair wearers to whom custom has exclusively allotted them; I expect the next hard frost to see the Serpentine crowded with female practitioners, skating in riding habits, and Dutch petticoats, whilst our gentlemen are crawling up Hyde-park in pattens and clogs to be spectators of the fun. Since boxing has become the ton, I am daily compelled to contemplate the skinny arms of self-applauding gentlemen-bruifers, and can seldom enter either of our academies *a coups de poing*, without beholding near-fighted pugilists sporting their dexterity in spectacles, and after receiving one *buckhorse*, piously turning the other

cheek to their antagonist, to intercept the impending blow. At such exhibitions, though I am disgusted with the folly of the age, I in some measure enjoy the pleasing pain of these martyrs to fashion; but I am doomed to behold more cruel sport than this, and am never present at the cockpit without being witness to the most unparalleled barbarity; for as our cockers, are not satisfied that the natural animosity of the birds should stimulate them to tear each other to pieces, their barbarous ingenuity has invented a keen instrument of destruction, with which the poor animals are taught to goad each other up to the hilt, and dig incessantly with the spur, till they shall inflict that wound which raises the shout of the victors, and baffles all the cruel care of the vanquished. At this sport I am frequently present, and this, let me tell you, is reckoned a fashionable lounge to the man of fortune, a very paradise to the country 'squire, and a convenient place of resort to the sharper; in a word, this scene of cruelty is one of the best frequented places of entertainment in a country celebrated for its liberal and humane sentiments, and in an age polished to the last degree of refinement. But, Sir, let me transport you from what I see as seldom as I can, to such things as I have daily before my eyes. I see statesmen making promises they never intend to keep, and ladies of quality purchasing goods they never mean to pay for, with ladies and gentlemen of all ranks, rapidly advancing in the school of flattery,

and

and making mixtures, compositions, and recompositions of this powerful drug; and I sincerely wish that Harlequin Touchstone could have the same effect on the stage of life, as he had on that of the theatre, or that you, Sir, according to the name and character you have adopted, would take upon you to make the town speak truth, and shew the world how prettily the world is going on. If you can do any thing for me, Mr. Touchstone, I earnestly entreat your assistance; if not, I must remain contented with my present lot, convinced that almost every thing I see is an eye-fore, and but too justly apprehensive that the world is grown too old to mend. My name, I scarce need add, is SEEING."

FEELING.

"I also, Mr. Touchstone, think myself entitled to be one of your humble petitioners; my name Sir, is FEELING, and take me in what sense you will, I believe you will find reason to acknowledge, that my complaints are just, and that I deserve to look up to you for redress. Ever since the inimitable Sterne smote the obedient passions with irresistible strokes of sentiment, and touched every string of sensibility with all that is delicate, moving, and powerful, every petty authorling has readily persuaded himself, that his heart was susceptible of sensibility, and without scruple endeavoured to make his readers believe the same thing. The press has for some years past teemed with what are styled sentimental novels; and never to be sure

was

was such a series of insanity exhibited, as are contained in these imitative volumes. For my own part, Sir, I almost wish that Sterne had never been born; for though he has wove the fairest garland for my brow, that ever I received from mortal hand, yet has he been the cause of this deluge of nonsense, and given birth to a race of naturals, whose first cries I have never heard without loathing, and from whom I have suffered all the vicissitudes of fashionable disorders; in short, I was at the point of death, and patiently expected my dissolution, when by the happy interference of a certain doctor, who with all the *naivette* of Sterne, has blended an easy elegance, quite his own, and enriched the literary world with four of the most charming volumes of travels that ever were printed, quickly brought me to myself, and restored me to that flourishing state of health, which had been gradually impaired, ever since the demise of my darling son. But though I was snatched from my impending fate by this timely assistance, my spirits again begin to droop, and I support them to my utmost, only in expectation of another offering from my dear Moore, to rescue me from all the virulence of barbarous nonsense that is daily gaining ground, and threatens me with instant extinction. Besides, Sir, I am so despitely used by the world as scarcely to be believed in existence; the once fine character of a man of feeling is dwindled into an apothecary

the cary groping an old woman's petticoats; and as so many gentlemen are whipped off the courses with such a degree of readiness and *non chalance*, I really begin to believe I am looked on as a mere *nominis umbra*; this new hypothesis may start in extenuation of much that has been advanced by one of my sisters as barbarous and ridiculous; thus cock-fighting is by no means cruel, whilst it is highly entertaining; for though the poor animals do fall by the wound of the spur, yet they are sensible of no pain, but die like stage heroes, without feeling the stroke of death; and as to the folly of boxing, it is founded on false principles, for our knights of the leathern cestus may bang each other in fun for hours together, since whilst they are insensible of pain from the blows, there need be no apprehension of their being irritated one against another, and coming to more earnest measures. As I look around I find a thousand reasons to corroborate this new-fangled opinion of mine, the vast fortunes which our citizens are continually amassing, the dry eyes and merry faces at our deepest tragedies, and all that I have just remarked, conspire together in persuading me that I exist, but live no longer; if you have the least regard for me, Mr. Touchstone, let the world know that I am alive, and only wait the glad signal of their general voice to soften their hearts to pity, awake every generous passion in their bosom, and bid them be, what they ought to be, men of feeling."

TASTE.

TASTE.

“You must daily, Sir, have witnessed the encroachments which that impudent minx, fashion, is making upon my prerogative; and it is with regret (I doubt not) that you behold how tired the world is become of me. My name is Taste, and put what construction you please upon it, I am afraid you will find me injured in every capacity I am able to act in. It is really surprising how very few are sincere votaries to me, whilst the greater half of the world are my pretended admirers; a man of taste is a character which thousands are desirous of, but which few, very few, ever attain to: a gentleman of the present age has seldom more taste than he can expend upon a new pair of boots, or lavish away in the choice of a watch-string; and, as to dress, where, *sans doute*, I ought to be acknowledged sole arbitress, I am quite ousted of all chance, and fashion, who, ‘in every thing bears sovereign sway,’ swells out our belles’ rumps like camels, and converts our beaux’ spindle-shanks into barbers’ poles, without once consulting me. Think, my dear Sir, how my pride must be hurt by such usage, for when these votaries of her’s have inconsiderately adopted the raging mode, without once reflecting whether it has a single claim to their notice, they readily ease their own shoulders of the burthen, by imputing the whole of the blame to me; and declaring, that if
any

any fault is to be found, Taste must be answerable for it. But some staunch Britons may, perhaps, wish to see me divested of my metaphorical shape, and rejoice to find me joining with them in their complaints of the present art of cookery, every dish is so Frenchified, and 'the taste of victuals so changed and disguised by that infinite number of preparations and mixtures, which the present age has rendered an important art,' and which the importation of French cooks has branched out into a thousand ramifications, and carried 'to a pitch of glory unknown to former times.' Every thing is so minced and mixt, that the name of a dish is now no more a rule for its taste; I meet with frica-fées which would take a metaphysician half a day to analyse, and flows with as many component parts as the rainbow has colours. I have already tasted of one sea-weed which fashion has introduced at the tables of the great; and expect, in a short time, to see the common fucus distilled for the use of ladies' smelling-bottles, or chopped up for gentlemen as a cheap succedaneum for tobacco."

SMELLING.

"Though last, I hope not least, be pleased, Mr. Touchstone, to lend a favourable ear to the voice of my complaint, nor imagine, that my only reason for writing is not to be behind-hand with my sister-querulists, though, like many other letter-writers, I have
nothing

nothing to say; but, believe me, Sir, it is not so. I, like my sisters, have just cause of complaint, and look up to you for that redress which I stand in need of. I am, Sir, a sister sense, and Smelling is my name, and though I am rightly thought to exist in much greater perfection in brutes than in men, yet am I of no little service in enabling sharp-set lovers to discover their mistresses at a distance, and trace them from room to room, by the exquisite sensibility of their olfactory nerves.

“I am also peculiarly beneficial to swooning ladies (and as there are many of this stamp who faint away merely for the pleasure of being attended to, and having half a dozen young men buzzing about them); these, let me tell you, are under very considerable obligations to me; it is, moreover, under my immediate protection, that *Sel poignant*, *Eau de Luce*; and an hundred other filthy compositions, are sold for twelve times their value, and ushered into ball-rooms, theatres, and all fashionable crowds. Now, Sir, I take the liberty of applying to you for a remedy against the many evils I at present labour under, and which I beg leave to set before you—*Imprimis*, The friseurs, nine times out of ten, doctor all their patients heads with the most horrible nasty unguents and powder I ever smelt to, and this they are authorised to do by the licence which fashion furnishes them with, of using any thing, let it be ever so nasty, provided

vided it has received her sanction ; and she, I suppose, espouses the sentiment of the poet, that '*male olet, qui bene semper olet.*' I also declare against ladies drinking French cream in their breakfast parlours, and taking English cordials in their dressing-rooms, as well as gentlemen sinoaking in their gardens, and chewing tobacco in their drawing-rooms.

" I have many more reasons for addressing you, and could expatiate largely upon my present sufferings, but I hope what I have pointed out will be sufficient to entitle me to your regard, and flatter myself should you take the complaints of my sisters under your consideration, you will not neglect one who is equally deserving of your most earnest endeavours, and will strive to the utmost to repay your kindness, by making the world *smell out* the early efforts of your youthful but able pen."

ANSWER TO THE SENSES.

I have carefully examined the various subjects of complaint, which my five correspondents have done me the honour to refer to me. I, for the most part, acquiesce in what they have advanced, and pity from my heart their respective misfortunes: would that it lay in my power to afford them that assistance they so earnestly, and so deservedly, request of me. In answer to my first fair complainant, though I by no means

pretend to vindicate the conduct of those inharmonious melodists of whom she so bitterly complains, yet would I not make the elegant taste for music, which is a distinguishing mark of refinement in the present age, accountable for the thousand follies unavoidably attendant on every raging fashion.

The case of my next correspondent is, I fear, desperate; as to her project of employing me to make the world speak truth, though there is no occupation which I would more readily engage in, as there can be none of more general service, yet am I sorry to add I can *see* to the bottom of her advice, and find her compliment mere flattery.

If my third fair querulist would give herself the trouble to repair to our boxing-schools, she will find herself exhibited in an imminent degree in the persons of many of our fashionable bruisers, though Humphreys may have whispered them not to mind a blow, or Mendoza have beat them about till he finds them void of feeling; the fair faces of our modish pugilists are still susceptible of feeling; a black eye has other inconveniences besides its ugly colour, and a streaming nose is dreaded, at least, as much for the pain it inflicts on them, as the horror it strikes them with at sight of their own blood. Taste has certainly justice on her side, and prefers her complaint of fashion with no small share of reason; sorry am I to add, I have little or no consolation to afford her; if to adopt her

her

her opinion is to enjoy her favour, I own I think the world extremely tasteless, when ladies had rather enrapture themselves with the love-breathing pages of a modern novel, than peruse my elegant essays; and gentlemen think proper to devote my excellent paper to any base purpose, rather than own my Trifler has merit. If I could by any means rectify the abuses and injuries to which my last kind correspondent is subjected, I would requite her obliging professions with the utmost readiness; but fashion here again stands my opponent, whose word is law, whose custom disdains controul; I am sorry I have it not in my power to render her any assistance; I hope, however, she will take the will for the deed, and not retract her promised good endeavours, but teach the world the use of their noses, if she thinks smelling can be of any service, where taste has utterly failed of success.

ON THE BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS

OF AN OPEN BEHAVIOUR AND AN INGENIOUS
DISPOSITION.

[KNOX.]

A GREAT part of mankind, if they cannot furnish themselves with the courage and generosity of the lion, think themselves equally happy, and much wiser, with the pitiful cunning of the fox. Every

word they speak, however trivial the subject, is weighed before it is uttered. A disgusting silence is observed till somebody of authority has advanced an opinion, and then, with a civil leer, a doubtful and hesitating assent is given, such as may not preclude the opportunity of a subsequent retraction. If the conversation turn only on the common topics of the weather, the news, the play, the opera, they are no less reserved in uttering their opinion, than if their lives and fortunes depended on the sentiment they should at last venture to advance, with oracular dignity. Whatever may be their real idea on the subject, as truth is a trifle compared to the object of pleasing those with whom they converse, they generally contrive gently to agree with you; unless it should appear to them, on mature consideration, that their opinion (if contingencies to the number of at least ten thousand should take place) may, at the distance of half a century, involve them in some small danger of giving a little offence, or of incurring a small embarrassment. They wear a constant smile on their countenance, and are all goodness and benevolence, if you will believe their professions: but beware; for their hearts as dark as the abysses which constitute the abodes of the evil spirit. A man of this character, *niger est*, as Horace says, and thou, who justly claimest the title of an honest Englishman, be upon thy guard when thine ill-fortune introduces thee into his company.

These

These crafty animals are even more reserved, cautious, timid, and serpentine in action than in conversation. They lay the deepest schemes; and no conclave of cardinals, no combination of conspirators, no confederacy of thieves ever deliberated with more impenetrable secrecy. Connexions are sought with the most painful solicitude. No arts and no assiduities are neglected to obtain the favour of the great. Their hearts pant with the utmost anxiety to be introduced to a family of distinction and opulence, not only because the connexion gratifies their pride, but also because, in the wonderful complications and vicissitudes of human affairs, it may one day promote their interest. Alas! before that day arrives, their perpetual uneasiness has often put a period to their ambition, by terminating their existence. But even if they gain their ends, after a youth and a manhood consumed in constant care and servitude, yet the pleasure is not adequate to the pain, nor the advantage to the labour. Every one is ready to complain of the shortness of life; to spend, therefore, the greatest part of it in perpetual fear, caution, suspense, and solicitude, merely to accomplish an object of wordly ambition or avarice; what is it but the proverbial folly of him who loses a pound to save a penny? "Give me, O ye powers! (an ingenious man would exclaim), give me health and liberty, with a competence, and I will compassionate the man of a timid and servile soul, who has at last

crept on hands and knees, through thick and thin, into a stall, and seated his limbs, after they have been palsied with care, on the bench of judges or of bishops."

Indeed the perpetual agitation of spirits, the tormenting fears, and the ardent hopes, which alternately disorder the bosom of the subtle and suspicious worldling, are more than a counterbalance to all the riches and titular honours which successful cunning can obtain. What avail croziers, coronets, fortunes, mansion-houses, parks, and equipages, when the poor possessor of them has worn out his sensibility, ruined his nerves, lost his eyes, and perhaps stained his honour, and wounded his conscience in the toilsome drudgery of the most abject servitude, from his youth up even to the hoary age of feebleness and decrepitude? When a man has a numerous offspring, it may, indeed, be generous to sacrifice his own ease and happiness to their advancement. He may feel a virtuous pleasure in his conduct, which may sooth him under every circumstance of disagreeable toil or painful submission. But it is obvious to observe, that the most artful of men, and the greatest slaves to interest and ambition, are frequently unmarried men; and that they were unmarried because their caution and timidity would never permit them to take a step which could never be revoked: themselves, however unamiable, have been the only objects of their love; and the rest of mankind have

have been made use of merely as the instruments of their mean purposes and selfish gratifications. But the rest of mankind need not envy them, for they inflict on themselves the punishment they deserve. They are always craving and never satisfied; they suffer a torment which is justly represented as infernal! that of being perpetually reaching after blessings which they can never grasp, of being prohibited to taste the fruit, whose colour appears so charming to the eye, and whose flavour so delicious to the imagination.

How lovely and how happy, on the other hand, an open and ingenuous behaviour! An honest, unsuspicious heart diffuses a serenity over life like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals the blue æther, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air;—but a crafty and designing bosom is all tumult and darkness, and may be said to resemble a misty and disordered atmosphere in the comfortless climate of the poor Highlander. The one raises a man almost to the rank of an angel of light; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness.—The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast, the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.

An open and ingenious disposition is not only beautiful and most conducive to private happiness, but productive of many virtues essential to the welfare of society. What is society without confidence? But if the selfish and mean system which is established and

recom-

recommended among many whose advice and example have weight, should universally prevail, in whom, and in what shall we be able to confide?—It is already shocking to a liberal mind to observe what a multitude of papers, parchments, oaths, and solemn engagements is required, even in a trivial negociation. On the contrary, how comfortable and how honourable to human nature, if promises were bonds, and assertions affidavits. What pleasure and what improvement would be derived from conversation, if every one would dare to speak his real sentiments, with modesty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or servile desire to please for the sake of interest? To please by honest means, and from the pure motives of friendship and philanthropy, is a duty; but they who study the art of pleasing merely for their own sakes, are of all characters, those which ought least to please, and which appear, when the masque is removed, the most disgusting. Truth, and simplicity of manners, are not only essential to virtue and happiness, but, as objects of taste, truly beautiful. Good minds will always be pleased with them, and bad minds we need not wish to please.

Since cunning and deceit are thus odious in themselves, and incompatible with real happiness and dignity, I cannot help thinking, that those instructors of the rising generation, who have insisted on stimulation and dissimulation, on the *pensieri stretti*, on the thousand

land tricks of wordly wisdom, are no less mistaken in their ideas, than mean, contracted, and illiberal. Listen not, ye generous young men whose hearts are yet untainted, listen not to the delusive advice of men so deluded or so base. Have courage enough to avow the sentiments of your souls, and let your countenance and your tongue be the heralds of your hearts. Please, consistently with truth and honour, or be contented not to please. Let justice and benevolence fill your bosom and they will shine spontaneously, like the real gem without the aid of a foil, and with the most durable and captivating brilliancy.

THE
IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO YOUTH.

[CHESTERFIELD.]

THERE is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in everybody's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatters away his whole time in nothing, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and fleetness of time. The sundials likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to
that

that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good-sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay on the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember, then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a-day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's

journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it ; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that if you will do every thing that I would have you do till you are eighteen, I will do every thing, that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

THE TWO BEES.

A FABLE.

ON a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey ; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them : the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter : the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring

alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friends remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.





Crauford's delin

Barlow sculp.

Published by J. Roach Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Aug. 1796.

*Printed
Woburn*

The
Ramble of a Benevolent Man,
and, on *CONTENTMENT,*
by Knox.
On Enjoyments of Early Times,
by Goldsmith.

THE THUNDER STORM,
A View of Rural Life, and
Female Adventures,
by Pratt.
Benevolence and Humanity,
by Blair &c. &c.



L O N D O N :

Printed by & for J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office
No. 10, Strand. New Drury Theatre Royal, August 1, 1796.



T H E

RAMBLE OF A BENEVOLENT MAN.

[KNOX.]

THE weather was remarkably serene, and I resolved to leave my book-room to enjoy the vernal season. I walked carelessly from field to field, regaled with the sweet smells which arose from the new-mown hay, and cheered by every appearance of plenty and tranquillity. External objects have a powerful effect in soothing the mind of man. I found myself sympathising, with the appearance of happiness around me. Every ruder passion was lulled to rest, and I enjoyed, for a short time, a state of perfect felicity.

As I roamed without any settled purpose, my feet carried me to the city. Curiosity led me with the crowd into the Sessions-House; and as I had just left a beautiful scene in which all was peace, I could not but be particularly struck with the contrast of the present noise and tumult. I heard two trials, in one of which a wretch was convicted of murder; and in the other a cause was in debate which appeared to involve great numbers in the crimes of fraud and perjury. The altercation of the pleaders, and the prevarication of the witnesses, contributed to complete a scene by no means adapted to inspire exalted ideas of human nature.

I hastily left the place, when, to my mortification, I found that, in the very court of justice, I had been robbed of my watch and handkerchief. While I was lamenting my loss, and encouraging some sentiments perhaps rather too unfavourable to my species, I was suddenly involved in a crowd, collected with eager curiosity to see two hackney-coachmen terminate a dispute by the exertion of their strength in single combat. The parties were nearly equal, and terrible was the conflict. The blows resounded at a great distance, and presently I beheld them both covered with blood and dirt; shocking figures to the imagination! The spectators expressed no wish that the combatants might be separated; but seemed delighted when a violent blow took place; and disappointed when it was spent in air. I wished to interfere and promote an amicable adjustment of the matter in dispute; but I found my efforts ineffectual. I ventured to propose the separation of the poor creatures, who were thus cruelly bruising each other, to a jolly butcher, six feet high and three feet broad; but he gave me an indignant look, and threatened to knock me down if I dared to interpose. I found indeed that the combat afforded exquisite pleasure to the crowd. Some rubbed their hands with glee, some silently grinned, while others vociferated words of encouragement, and others skipped for joy. Great pleasures are however of no long duration, and this amusement was terminated by one of the combatants

tants ceasing to rise, on receiving a violent stroke on the left temple. Down he fell, and the ground shook under him: and though he attempted three times to rise, he was unable to effect his purpose; and the whole circle agreed he was as dead as a door nail. The conqueror had only lost three of his fore teeth and one eye, and all agreed that he had acquitted himself like a man. The crowd, which had been so much delighted with the fray, no sooner saw it concluded, than with looks of disappointment they began to disperse. I took the opportunity of examining the state of the vanquished party, and found him still alive, though almost in need of the means which are used by the humane society to accomplish his complete revival. An officious acquaintance hastened to his assistance with a dram of brandy, which contributed greatly to accelerate his recovery. He no sooner rose than he poured forth a volley of dreadful imprecations on his limbs, which had already suffered extremely. Instead of thanking me or any of the spectators who had endeavoured to restore him, he swore, if we did not stand out of his way, he would fell us to the ground. We readily gave way, when the hero, putting on his cloaths, walked away, turned down an alley, and was seen by us no more.

My reflections on this scene were such as tended to the degradation of my species; and not being in very good spirits, I determined to enter a coffee-house, and

seek amusement by a perusal of the newspapers. I sat down, and happened to cast my eye over the last column, which consisted of nothing but narratives of rapes, robberies, and murders. Though I knew that this was not at all uncommon, and that every day's paper of intelligence could furnish something of a similar history, yet, being in a melancholy mood, I was particularly struck with it; and hastily laying down the paper, and paying for my dish of coffee, I put on my hat, and resolved to walk to my little rural retirement, about four miles from this turbulent scene.

As I walked along, I could not help calling to mind, with sentiments of extreme regret, the pleasing ideas with which I had set out in the morning. All was then tranquillity and benevolence. But I had seen, in the space of a few hours only, such pictures of human misery and perverseness, as could not but occasion uneasiness in a mind not utterly destitute of sympathy.

Surely, said I, nature, or the God of nature, never intended that man should be so degraded. It is passion which deforms the beauty of the moral world; it is wickedness and the neglect of religion which renders man more miserable than the brute, who is happy in his insensibility. What then can I think of those writers who argue in defence of immorality, and against revelation? What of those governors of the world, who bestow no attention on preserving the
morals

morals of the common people, and encourage the teachers of such doctrines as conduce to the raising of the reptile man from the voluntary abasement in which his evil inclinations are able to involve him? Let the magistrate, the clergy, the rich and powerful of every occupation, whose example is irresistible, exert themselves in diffusing virtuous principles and practices among the people at large. Such benevolence, more beneficial than all pecuniary bounty, considered only as preventing temporal misery, causes man to approach nearer to his benignant Maker than any other conduct. To that Maker, said I, let those who have charity apply themselves in prayer for the diminution of evil of all kinds, and the extension of happiness and peace.

I was musing on such subjects when I found myself at the door of my little cottage. The evening was beautiful. The clouds in the west were variegated with colours, such as no pencil has yet been able to imitate. My garden breathed odours, and displayed the bloom of shrubs, such as might adorn the Elysian fields of the poets. All conspired to restore the tranquillity of the morning; and when I retired to rest, my spirits being composed, I soon sunk into a sweet sleep, pleasingly interrupted in the morning by a dream, which, as it appeared to have some connexion with the ideas I had entertained in the day, I shall relate:

“ I thought I was on a large plain covered over with flocks of innumerable sheep. They appeared to

straggles without a guide. Many had their fleeces torn by brambles, some were lost in a barren wilderness, and not a few were constantly engaged in annoying each other with their horns. There was a general bleating, in a tone expressive of distress. I pitied the poor creatures, but saw no hopes of affording them relief, till I turned my eyes to the eastern part of the plain, when I beheld a venerable shepherd with his crook inviting the sheep into a fold, through which ran a delightful stream of clear water. Many rushed in, and began to drink with avidity. The alteration in their appearance was in the highest degree pleasing. The lambs played about without any fear of the wolf, and the sheep lay and basked in the sunshine, or sought refreshment in the cool shade. The shepherd's looks were benevolent beyond expression. He made use of every inticement to bring the sheep into the fold, but many would not hear his voice; and some seemed to hear it, but perversely ran away from him. I saw those who were so unhappy as to refuse to enter, perish miserably by falling from rocks, by famine, by the violence of the wolf, and by disease. I turned from the painful prospect to see the good shepherd and his fold; and I thought, at the close of the day, he led the sheep into a green pasture, the verdure and fertility of which was increased by the gentle river that flowed through the middle of it."

I was so delighted with the scene, that I was going

to call out to the shepherd in an extasy of joy, when I awoke.

I could not but lament the absence of so pleasing a vision ; but the avocations and necessities of life called me from my bed, which I left with resolutions of devoting the rest of my life to the alleviation of evil, wherever I should find it, and to the securing of his favour who can lead me from the vale of misery to the waters of comfort and the fountain of life.

ON CONTENTMENT

WITH A COMPETENCY.

[KNOX.]

AMBITION, avarice, folly, and restlessness of constitution, tempt men to launch their little and frail barks into the wide ocean of the world, where great numbers are instantly shipwrecked, and of those who escape destruction, the greater part, after a dangerous and troublesome voyage, return empty and disappointed.

It will be said that a spirit of enterprize is useful to the public, and whatever misery it may produce to individuals, society, on the whole, receives so much benefit from it, that it ought not to be discouraged. This I mean not to deny ; and all that I contend for is, to convince

convince those who are furnished by Providence with a competency of worldly good, that it is wiser to sit down and enjoy it contentedly, than to hazard the loss of it, and of tranquillity and virtue, in the pursuit of aggrandisement and superfluous increase. There will be always a sufficient number of needy persons to serve society by the spirit of enterprize; and I am by no means convinced that a man of competent fortune, dwelling respectably among his neighbours, performing the duties of a Christian, and a good master of a family, is not more serviceable to society, both by his actual beneficence and his example, than the adventurer who flies to the Indies for the augmentation of a store which is already more than sufficient for supporting a respectable appearance, and furnishing every real comfort and convenience.

It appears to me that, after the admonitions of every moralist, few men form a just estimate of the duration of human life; and that their inattention to the obvious truth, that it is short and frail, is the cause of their labouring incessantly for those things which they cannot have time to enjoy. The few years of extreme old age, if they should ever arrive at it, they resolve to devote to ease and self-enjoyment. And it is true that they might enjoy old age, if their old age should be healthy; but the probability is, that it will be loaded with infirmities, the consequence of excessive anxiety and labour of mind, and perhaps also of
the

the ill effects of foreign climates. But it is most likely that life will terminate before the period of contentment shall arrive, and that they will drop into the grave, in the midst of their toils and dangers, melancholy monuments of human blindness.

Contentment is a virtue more frequently recommended by moral writers of all ages than any other; a proof of its importance, and, at the same time, of the inefficacy of their recommendations of it, I believe it never was less practised than in the present age. It is quite unfashionable. A man of parts, who does not endeavour to augment his fortune and raise his family is esteemed in the world to be destitute of proper spirit. All are therefore on the wing for higher stations: Alps on Alps arise! No exaltation of rank is high enough: no opulence sufficiently abundant to satisfy the eternal cravings of the man of spirit and enterprize.

I fear, indeed, this eagerness is a proof that this world occupies the first place in the affections of many, and that the external goods of fortune are deemed by them the only advantages worthy of pursuit. But this is a lamentable instance of human error: for even if this world were the whole of man's existence, yet health and contentment are still worth more than the rank of a marquis, and the possessions of the richest plunderer of the east.

These reflections were excited by a letter lately received,

received, and with the insertion of which I shall close this evening's paper :

“ Sir,

“ I beg leave to lay before you a few circumstances of my life, which may possibly afford some hints for the instruction of others, under your direction.

“ I am the younger son of a wealthy merchant in London, who, on his decease, left me possessed of five hundred a-year. My brother had at least a thousand. My friends advised me in order to improve my fortune to an equality with my brother's, to go to the East Indies, where I had many friends, and a singularly fine opportunity of making a rapid increase of my patrimony. I happened, however, to be attached to an amiable young lady, whose friends would never consent to her leaving England; and love was stronger than avarice; I absolutely refused to go, notwithstanding the reproaches which were thrown on my want of spirit.

“ My brother, though more amply provided for than myself, was of a different disposition; and had no attachment to counteract its influence. On finding me determined, he considered with himself, that the opportunity was too valuable to be lost, and resolved instantly to accept the great advantages which he said I had so rashly relinquished. He accordingly let his beautiful villa and gardens, in a sweet village near London, and set sail in the first East Indiaman.

“ I was

"I was glad to be delivered from the importunities of my friends, and in a very short time after my brother's departure, I married the object of my first affections, a lady of little fortune, but of a sweet and contented disposition. Five hundred a-year, though a very pretty income, I knew was not sufficient to support the expences of fashionable life in the metropolis; and as we both loved retirement and domestic happiness, we determined to hire a house in South Wales.

"The house was not large, but genteel. It stood in the midst of a little lawn, and upon an eminence which commanded a view of the neighbouring river. There was a good neighbourhood, consisting chiefly of genteel families who had retired on small fortunes, with a determination to enjoy themselves and their friends, rather in an elegant and comfortable style of visiting, than with ostentation.

"I soon found that in this place my five hundred pounds a-year gave me great influence. Indeed, as the necessaries of life were very cheap, and the style of living frugal, it was an affluent income. I wished not to overbear; but as I found my neighbours inclined to pay me greater respect than was consistent with an easy intercourse, I took pains to decline it. I used hospitality; I took no exceptions to any individual; I distributed the fragments from my table to the poor; I never entered into any disagreements but

as an arbitrator; and in consequence of this inoffensive conduct, I was universally beloved, and, I must confess, as happy as I believe the condition of humanity will allow.

“Many years passed in this retirement, and I never was at a loss for subjects on which I might employ my active powers, and prevent that misery which arises from the want of objects to excite exertion. My family, which consisted of my wife, and of three boys and a girl, furnished a lively scene. I often devoted a considerable part of the day to reading with my boys, who were instructed in classical learning at a neighbouring school, over which a very good scholar presided. Rural sports occupied some time, and I never objected to a game at whist or quadrille, when it was agreeable to the parties whom we visited. I pretend to no particular modes of living; unless to be contented and easy, with every reason for being so, is to be particular.

“I often heard from my brother, and in almost every letter for six years he talked of returning and enjoying his acquisitions. At last he actually returned with an enormous fortune. He paid me a visit, and quite overpowered us all with the splendour of his equipage and retinue. No nobleman in the neighbourhood had ever entered the country with so much ostentation. I could easily see, though he was not unkind, or void of fraternal affection, that he considered

sidered us as greatly beneath him, mean in our ideas and modes of living, and as not at all calculated to reflect honour upon him in his exalted station. His visit was but short; and, though we gave him the most cordial invitations, was never repeated.

“It was not difficult to gain intelligence of his conduct. His profusion was such as could not fail to be the subject of conversation. There was indeed no extravagance which the highest rank of nobility ever indulged, which he did not eagerly adopt, from an idea that it added to the possession of wealth, the lustre of gentility.

“After a few years spent in this style, he began to find his resources less copious than at his first arrival. Creditors were importunate. The steward remonstrated; but pride and vanity had gained too powerful an influence to be resisted. He determined to have recourse to gaming, at once a genteel and easy mode of supply, if he should be successful. Unacquainted with the arts of professed gamblers, he soon became their prey, and in six months was so reduced as to be obliged to mortgage his paternal estate.

“He now began to consider his situation with serious solicitude. He could not retrench. He could not survive the shame of living in a state of poverty or dependance among those whom he used to feed with luxury at his table. He was wretched. He could think but of one expedient. He must return at the

age of five and forty to the East Indies under many disadvantages, to raise another fortune.

“ After a thousand painful thoughts, he embarked once more to traverse half the globe, and to live in a most unwholesome climate, for the purpose of returning at fifty to live the same turbulent and luxurious life in England. Providence shortened his labour; he was lost in the passage; and the little property he left in England was afterwards sold to pay three shillings in the pound to a hundred creditors.

“ I weep over my brother’s misfortunes; but at the same time I cannot but congratulate myself on the choice of my youth. I have enjoyed, and still enjoy, with the blessing of a kind Providence, every comfort and convenience which a reasonable mind can desire: and I hope others may be led by my example to know when they are well; to be contented with a competency; and to trust in a benevolent Being, who can cause a little store to supply more real pleasure to the contented mind, than the fortune of a Clive could bestow. I often think of Horace’s

—— Quod petis hic est,

Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus,

Vitæ summa brevis spes vetat nos inchoare longas.

“ But I cease quotation. One effect of my retirement is, that I have accumulated many apophthegms and

and adages of ancient wisdom ; and of most of them I have experienced the truth. For the present adieu.

OFELLUS."

THE VILLAGE LOVERS.

A TALE.

THE charms of innocence are no where to be found combined with more unaffected simplicity than in a country life. Here we view the village maid returning at the close of eve from milking her cows, and warbling her sweet, though wild notes, from nature ; and the whistling ploughman refreshing himself with a jug of ale, after the fatigues of his daily labour ; in short, pride, pomp, and affectation give way to domestic happiness.

A farmer of considerable estates, and great respectability, who resided in a romantic village, situated on the Kentish coast, had an only daughter whose name we shall call Patty. At the age of nineteen, she had the misfortune to be deprived of an affectionate mother, who loved her to distraction. Patty, at the decease of her mother, had the full management of her father's domestic concerns, which she superintended to the entire satisfaction of her venerable parent. She was very industrious and attentive. Lubin, who was a

domestic in the service of the farmer, was a youth of much honest simplicity; his countenance displayed singular traits of good nature, and his artless manners gained him the esteem of the whole village. Patty was particularly distinguished for her humanity and goodness; she was as tender as she was generous; her purse was ever ready to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. Patty was so much interested in favour of Lubin, that a kind of secret jealousy subsisted between the other rustic domestics of the family; the indulgence which Lubin experienced from Patty, when he came from his rustic employ, was peculiarly reverse to that of his brother-labourers; for he was indulged with every dainty her father's table afforded, while his companions were obliged to be content with their allotted refreshments; it was evident, from every appearance, that Patty had something more than Lubin's welfare at heart: the fact was, she loved him. She took an opportunity one evening, as she was returning towards the farm, to speak to Lubin in the most affectionate manner; and, at the same time expressed a great regard for him, by telling him that any assistance she could render him he might at pleasure command.

This extraordinary declaration had a powerful effect on the rustic swain; he was sensible of Patty's love for him; he discovered visible signs of an agitated mind.

It happened, a short time after that Patty had declared her tender passion for Lubin, that he was compelled for a few months to desert his virtuous fair one, to encounter the boisterous waves.

The cause of his absence was as follows: A relation dying in America, left Lubin a legacy of ten thousand pounds; and his personal attendance in that country was deemed absolutely necessary. Patty was overjoyed at the good fortune Lubin was likely to experience, though his absence she deeply lamented. He set sail with a prosperous gale, and with the good wishes of his disconsolate Patty.

Lubin had not departed many days before a Mr. Welford, a gentleman of liberal fortune in the same village, became tenderly attached to the charms of Patty; he made the most honourable vows of his passion to the lovely female, which she sincerely refused, stating that her heart and person were previously engaged; this declaration from the lips of the fair deliverer, operated as an electrical shock to Mr. Welford; it preyed so forcibly on his feelings that he was never after known to solicit an affectionate esteem for any lady, such was the disappointment he suffered.

Patty was taking a solitary walk one day by the seashore, when, on a sudden she discovered at a great distance, a ship apparently in extreme distress. She was very anxious for the safety of the crew; the storm began to abate gradually, and, in less than an hour, the

restless ocean had the appearance of a perfect calm. As the vessel approached nearer in sight, her anxiety began to encrease; however, her fears soon subsided; for happiness was visibly pictured in her angelic features; her object of affection, after an absence of six tedious months, safely landed on his native shore. Lubin was affectionate and grateful—he arrived with great wealth, and with it he made happy a most amiable female, whose transcendent virtues shone with the most brilliant lustre.

The nuptials of Lubin and Patty were celebrated on the following day, and the whole village presented a scene of rural felicity.

ON ENJOYMENTS OF EARLY TIMES,

AND ON LIGHTLY PASSING OVER THE
EVILS OF LIFE.

[GOLDSMITH.]

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat, all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure. I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic

ruffic mirth; thought cros-purposes the highest search of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy, could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance, to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures in a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life: yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung,
would

would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot, as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no other affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised

spised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her; and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither; he only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far, as to be revenged by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility

sensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it. For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world, by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures, that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.—“I leave my second son, Andrew, (said the expiring miser) my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life, and health to enjoy it himself. “I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, beside, four thousand pounds.” “Ah! father, (cried Simon, in great affliction to be sure) may heaven give you life
and

and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich: I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." Ah! father, (cries Dick, without any emotion) may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humour'd, but completely rich.

Yea, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at the general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume: it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it. By the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

THE THUNDER STORM.

A MORAL TALE.

WHATEVER the young libertines about town, and the old ones also, may think of their successful attempts against the virtue of the credulous fair ones, who put themselves imprudently in their power, they may fairly be ranked among the pests of society, as they very largely contribute to the disturbance of its peace. To the lawless libertines of the age the following tale is particularly addressed. May the fate of him, on whose account it was written, sink deep into their hearts, and deter them from pursuits which, though not punishable by human laws, deserve the severest that can be inflicted.

Thrown into the gay world, before he had entered into his nineteenth year, with an affluent fortune at his disposal, and no command over his passions, Sir Frederick Wooton distinguished himself by a strong propensity to many vices which degrade the man, and disgrace the gentleman. His passion for women, however, was predominant, and in the gratification of that passion he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest, as well as most unwarrantable, not to say criminal actions. Is it not criminal to seduce the artless fair one from the paths of innocence, and for a momentary triumph,

triumph, to blast her reputation for ever? Is it not criminal to destroy the happiness of the married pair, by alienating the affections of a wife from, and shaking her fidelity to her husband.

Sir Frederick was formed by nature to captivate the fair sex: he was finished by art to ruin them. His person was remarkably striking; and his manners were inexpressibly seductive. With his appearance he charmed the eye of every woman who beheld him; with his elocution he delighted the ear of every woman whom he thought worthy of his attention; that is, of every woman whom he marked out for destruction. His assiduity was unwearied; and his eloquence was not to be resisted. To make 'the worse appear the better reason,' he was dangerously qualified; yet, though his triumphs over female virtue were frequent, he still met with very little opposition from female discretion. Every new conquest served to increase his insolence; and as he found that every new conquest increased his importance in a female circle, he was additionally stimulated to persevere in his infamous pursuits.

As Sir Frederick associated chiefly with young fellows of his own principles, and addicted to the same pleasures, he received no checks to his proceedings from their admonitions, or reproofs. He was at length, however, both admonished and reprehended by a man with whose company he did not expect to be

troubled, after his behaviour to him. He had been a student with him in the same college at Cambridge; but never thoroughly liked him, because he was, in his opinion, too rigid in his ways of thinking, and wanted spirit: in other words, because he would not be as wicked as himself.

Mr. Morden, though he was not surprised at his fellow-student's breaking off all acquaintance with him on the great change in his affairs, was concerned at it, as he had really some qualities which might have been denominated amiable: he was exceedingly good-natured, and he was as generous as a prince; but good nature and generosity, though they are very powerful recommendations, ought not, by any means, to prejudice us so far in favour of a man as to make us ready to apologize for those parts of his conduct which deserve no palliation.

Mr. Morden, in consequence of the cessation of his acquaintance with Sir Frederick, had, for some years, never troubled him with a single visit: and had he not been provoked by his trifling with a young lady for whom he had a sincere regard, as a friend, he would not have, perhaps, visited him again.

It was Sir Frederick's common practice, if he found the girls whom he wanted to seduce too much upon their guard to yield to his dishonourable solicitations, to amuse them with promises of marriage; and those promises being gilded by his title, too often enabled him

him to carry his point without the performance of them. By such promises he had lured several credulous females to their undoing, and he was taking an infinite deal of pains to add a Miss Norris to the number of the seduced, when his old fellow-collegian very unexpectedly made his appearance before him.

Mr. Morden, on his arrival at Sir Frederick's house, in Hanover-Square, would not give in his name, but desired the servant to tell his master that a gentleman from the country wished to speak with him upon particular business. Thomas had received no denying orders; he was therefore soon introduced to the baronet.

Sir Frederick at that time, having just looked over, with a cruel satisfaction, a long list of the frail creatures whom he had subdued, was planning future conquests.

On Mr. Morden's entering the room, he could not help starting with surprise: he started; and, though extremely a man of the world, was disconcerted.

Mr. Morden drew a favourable conclusion from his embarrassment, by ascribing it to a consciousness of having acted in a manner not to be justified by reason or by honour; but he was mistaken. Sir Frederick's confusion arose only from the natural antipathy which all bad men have to good ones; and he was at that moment pained at the sight of Mr. Morden, as he felt

himself, in spite of his title and his fortune, his inferior. Had he imagined that he came to talk with him about Miss Norris, he would have been probably doubly confounded.

Mr. Morden, not thinking any ceremony necessary, though he behaved with great politeness, immediately went upon the affair which had occasioned his visit.

"You seem very much surprised to see me, Sir Frederick; and you wonder, no doubt, what business brought me hither. You shall soon be informed. I wait on you, not upon my own account; I wait upon you on a lady's. I come as a friend to Miss Norris."

The word *Norris* produced a second start. "Miss Norris!" replied he, with a careless air, affecting to be quite unacquainted with the name: "Miss Norris! Who is she? What is she?"

Morden, who plainly perceived that his looks betrayed him, and that he was apprehensive of a galling lecture, pitied his condition; but his pity was momentous: it instantly gave way to contempt and indignation, and he attacked him in very spirited terms for his keeping a woman of sense and virtue in a state of suspense concerning his designs. "If you intend to marry her (continued he) your behaviour is ridiculous: if your intentions are dishonourable, you act, let me tell you, an infamous part."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Sir Frederick, violently agitated,

agitated, "I have not been used to this kind of language, Sir; and by G—d I will not bear it from any man breathing."

Mr. Morden, not in the least intimidated, not even discomposed, by the loudness or the energy with which that speech was uttered, answered with his usual calmness upon every occasion, "There is nothing in my language, Sir Frederick, of which I am ashamed: I do not say you are absolutely infamous, but I again say that you will act an infamous part if your intentions, with regard to Miss Norris, are dishonourable: and I am afraid they are so, from the manner in which you behave to her. 'Tis cruel to avail yourself of her affection for you, to keep her sighing for the performance of your promise to her. You cannot but suppose that your taking no steps to perform it must make her very unhappy. She loves you too well not to wish for an honourable union with you, your title and estate out of the question. Should you desert her, your desertion may prove fatal to her: she will certainly rather die, than have the wish of her heart gratified at the expence of her virtue."

Sir Frederick, during the delivery of this speech, walked up and down the room, biting his lips, and looking as if he wished his visitor a thousand miles off. When Mr. Morden paused, he said, "I don't know what you mean, Sir, by troubling me in this way; nor do I see what business you have to be so inquisitive

about my designs with regard to Lucy Norris: I do not think it at all necessary to acquaint you with my designs of any sort; and therefore, if you have nothing else to say to me, I must take the liberty to request you to leave my house."

The few last words of this reply were articulated in such insolent tones, that if Mr. Morden had not very much interested himself in Miss Norris's becoming Lady Wooton, he would not have staid to receive another address of the same kind: and as he not only had her happiness at heart, but wished also to reclaim Sir Frederick, to make him quit the paths of licentiousness, and retrieve his character by a life of decent domestication, he was determined not to leave the spot till he had entered more deeply into the subject which engaged his whole attention.

In consequence of this determination, Mr. Morden began to read a very sensible, though rather severe lecture against libertinism in general, and against the seduction of women in particular. He talked, indeed, in so forcible, as well as so free a style, that he almost persuaded him to spend the remainder of his days like a man of honour; a very different being from him commonly called so by a violent misapplication of one of the most respectable words in the English language.

When Mr. Morden had with a secret delight (for the goodness of his heart was equal to the goodness of his understanding) found that what he had said not only
gave

gave no offence, but seemed to make the wished for impression upon the mind of the hearer, he with a natural and easy transition, proceeded to his behaviour to Miss Norris; and by expatiating largely on the various merits of that lady, obtained an answer from him which gave him additional-pleasure.

Sir Frederick having thanked his monitor for his friendly efforts to convince him of the errors of his conduct, and to induce him to renounce them, told him that he was exceedingly obliged to him for his visit, and that he would, as soon as some little affairs of his were settled, go down to Berkshire, and offer Miss Norris his hand.

Mr. Morden was so thoroughly satisfied with the concluding words of Sir Frederick's last speech, that he took his leave in a short time after he had declared the pleasure received, went home, and wrote immediately to Miss Norris to prepare her for the reception of her lover in the happiest dispositions imaginable.

"How finely I have hummed this bookish fellow, who has pored over the old philosophers so long that he will never make any figure in the world! His notions about virtue and religion may do well enough for a parson, but, by G—d, they are sufficient to render a gentleman contemptible."

At the close of this characteristic soliloquy, Sir Frederick rightly supposing that Mr. Morden would immediately take some method to inform Miss Norris
of

of what had passed between them, and as rationally conjecturing that the information she received would animate her to meet him, on his re-appearance, with double delight, resolved to whirl away to Berkshire; and, by availing himself of the increased prepossessions in his favour, to sink her to a level with those believing females over whom he had been scandalously victorious.

While he was hurrying to finish the business which detained him (particularly against his inclination at that time) in town, Miss Norris was pleasing herself with the perusal of Mr. Morden's very friendly epistle to her. The apparent reformation of the man whom she could not help loving, libertine as he was, with a fondness bordering upon folly, transported her: and a little self-adulation served to heighten her joy upon the occasion: the change in her lover's principles she ascribed to his prejudices in her behalf; and she was vain enough to impute those prejudices to charms which he had never discovered in any woman except her.

Miss Norris was not a beauty of the first magnitude, but handsome enough to be taken notice of by almost every man who beheld her; even in public assemblies (though she seldom went to them) she had never the mortification to be overlooked. An unexpected alteration in her circumstances had made a retired life prudent, and she soon began to be more than contented—to be happy in retirement. She was, indeed, very
eligibly

eligibly situated, in the pleasantest part of Berkshire, at the house of a worthy farmer, who had been a tenant of her father's, and had married a servant whom her mother, with reason, greatly esteemed for her many valuable qualities. By this good couple she was gratefully, faithfully attended, and she was extremely respected by all the ladies in the neighbourhood; beloved by all who were acquainted with her intrinsic worth. It was upon a visit to a family near the cottage at which she resided, that Sir Frederick first fell into her company. He saw, heard, admired, loved. Loved! No—a coarser word would be more proper; for he certainly wished to enjoy her upon his own terms, and when her situation was explained to him, he, coxcomb-like, reckoned upon her fall. His distinguishing behaviour to her alarmed the whole village: he made his addresses to her in form, and all the girls who envied her were afraid that he would marry her; they were, sometimes, however, relieved, in the midst of their apprehensions, by their hopes; they hoped to see her his mistress; they could not bear the thoughts of seeing her his wife.

Having been thrown into a train of agreeable reflections by the perusal of Mr. Morden's letter, Miss Norris received Sir Frederick with more pleasure than she had yet done; and her reception flattered his vanity to such a degree, that he imagined he should certainly be as successful as he wished.

When

When the first effusions were over on both sides, Sir Frederick told his Lucy that he was come to acquaint her with his final resolution to offer his hand; and he informed her, at his departure, that he would in a few days fix his wedding one.

Miss Norris now felt herself so happy, that she could not refrain from exulting a little over those of her female acquaintance, who had taken great pains to set her against her titled lover. He, on the other hand, was wholly employed in preparing matters for the achievement which he had long projected.

Miss Norris sitting one afternoon, in a pretty arbor at the bottom of the garden, in which she often amused herself, received the following note from Sir Frederick :

“ If my dear Miss Norris will favour her fond lover with a visit at Farmer Golding’s, she will not, he flatters himself, repent of her condescension : as he has something to communicate of the utmost consequence to her.”

By this note Miss Norris was for some time perplexed : after much hesitation, however, she returned a complying answer.

Sir Frederick, transported with the answer to his note, waited for the writer of it with the greatest impatience, as he had secured all the Goldings in his interest. At last, his patience being exhausted, he sallied forth in order to meet the destined victim.

While

While he was walking up and down a field through which he knew she must pass, if she came, as he naturally supposed she would, the nearest way, he was so much affected by a sudden glowing heat in the air that he could not proceed. Feeling himself insupportably drowsy, he lay down, and in a few minutes fell asleep.

Miss Norris, having been strongly advised by the worthy couple with whom she lodged, not to go far from home that afternoon, as the general appearance of the sky prognosticated a thunder-storm, remained for some time in a suspended state; but her love at length got the better of her fears, and she ventured; even while she heard a rumbling at a distance, the moment she quitted the farm.

As love had prompted her to set out, love carried her on, though black clouds gathered round her, and frequent flashes of lightning darted across her eyes.

When she arrived at the spot where Sir Frederick lay asleep, she started: concluding, in the hurry of her spirits, that he was dead, she screamed. Finding, however, upon a near approach, that he breathed, she innocently spread a handkerchief over his face, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven to protect him.

The pressure of the handkerchief upon his face, slight as it was, waked him. When he saw his Lucy standing over him in the tenderest attitude, his passion for her became too violent to be controuled. In spite

of

of the thunder rolling over his head, he attempted, inflamed by opposition, to force her to the gratification of his desires: but before he could accomplish his brutal design, he was struck to the ground a corpse.

A POETICAL AND PROSE

VIEW OF RURAL LIFE.

[PRATT.]

THE language of poets has always been warm and glowing in the representation of rural life. Horace, and Cowley, and Pope, and Dryden, and all the dramatists at his back, with the writers of pastoral and manufacturers of morality, are all animated by the description, and kindle as they go, whenever scenes of shade, and sun, and solitude, are the subject. Lowliness of degree, and happy humility of station (they argue) is a richness that poverty enjoys, to the despair of wealth.—The man who passes his life in the country (they teach us to believe) indulges in the highest relishes of human felicity. The din of business and the distraction of debate, the jargon of coffee-houses, and the clatter of courts, never interrupt him. He cultivates his land, and improves nature; by which her bounties are not only dearer, but doubled. He congratulates

congratulates himself, that no foreign robes are necessary, nor foreign meats; and that he is not obliged to comply with every absurd prescription of the ever-shifting modes of the moment. He hugs himself in his home-bred plenty, pleases himself with the quiet of his character, and laughs at the laborious idleness of the rich and fashionable. It were, in a critical view, worth while to see how poets have sung and said alike on this very florid subject. Listen to the similarity of the strains:

“O fountains! when in you shall I,
O fields! O woods! when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?

Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heav'n did always choose their way:
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.”

So sings the poetical Cowley.

“Who leads a quiet country life,
He views his herds in vales afar;
Or shears his over-burthen'd sheep,
Or mead for cooling streams prepares;

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Or

Or in the new declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And clust'ring grapes, with purple spread.
Sometimes, beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted grass, he lies ;
No god of sleep he need invoke :
The stream, that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle slumbers crowns his eyes."

So says friend Horace.

" Happy the man whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
From bus'ness and the cares of money free !
He sees the lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills low back to him again ;
And when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display,
This is the life from all misfortunes free."

Thus, in the same key, the elegant Maro, in the
dress of Dryden.

" Oh ! knew he but his happiness ; of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,

Drinks

Drinks the pure pleasures of a country life ;
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

So sings the Virgilian author of the Seasons.

"Hail! ye soft seats, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flowery vales, and meads and mazy woods!
Here grant me, heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays!"

So says another tuneful Englishman.

Even the manly Juvenal, in the nervous language
of Johnson, speaking of the country, says:

"There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'r's:
And while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings:
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil."

To the same purpose, and pretty nearly to the same
sentiment, might I collect compliments on the country
from a thousand other votaries of the muses; but these

are extracts sufficient to shew, that versifiers are all in the same story : from whence one would be led to conceive, that cities were altogether intolerable, and fields, grots, groves, rills, hills, and fountains were the only objects that answered the pains of searching.—But, alas ! the hours of Arcadia are over ; the pastoral pleasures amongst nymphs and swains, shepherds and shepherdesses, are no more ; and the joys which we read of in rhyme, a mere poetical utopia.—Respecting the natural beauties of the country (such, I mean, which regard vegetation only) the sweetest swain that ever sung had not an eye to discover, or a heart to feel, or a taste to relish them, in a greater degree than the writer of this paper. To the charms of verdure, indeed—to the exquisite variety manifested in that verdure—to the elegant and provident transitions of seasons, each presenting its proper charm, and all adapted to inspire delight, and promote utility—few can be insensible. The clown enjoys it, without entering into the nicety of original causes. The philosopher enjoys it, and traces, or flatters himself that he traces, the reason and effect to its principle. Ignorance and science are both blessed under the influence of bright suns, plentiful crops, waving woods, luxuriant pasturage.—But the point and principle with which this Essay set out, was to prove, that with respect to happiness, poets of all ages, from Maro down to the Caledonian Thomson, have indulged themselves
in

in the flourishes of fable, and, in describing the beauties of the place, have run into the mistake of concluding, that such beauties have given greater felicity to the people. It is indeed by no means true, that men are happy, or that they esteem themselves so (which folks say is the same thing) in proportion to their natural blessings. It is, perhaps, pretty frequently the reverse; for we see those who are placed in the most enviable situations (invariable to inexperience) who have extensive gardens, of which every flower might give the young bard a hint to scribble, the most senseless, stupid, dull, and insensible creatures in the creation. All that nature can perform, even in her summer operations, is a blank to them. They can walk upon the velvet verdure, by the side of the sparkling streamlet (pardon me, kind Reader, for being somewhat poetical) without caring any thing about the matter: nay, they can yawn over beds of roses, "tread under foot the violet," and wish the plummy songsters that build within the shrubbery fairly at the devil.—This may serve to shew, that our great men are not captivated with the country. People in the middle station are in general so full of care, so much bigotted to gainful circumstances of thrift and economy, or so little affected by the discriminating delicacies of taste, that they have really no leisure to look at the hedges, criticise the springing buds, nor examine the progress of providence or nature. A Sunday nosegay, indeed,

they have, which they awkwardly flick into the button-holes of their coat, and to which they smell till they kill it with kindness, and then throw it away. When, on the evening of that Sunday, they brush off the dust of the week, and walk into the meadows, it must be confessed their sensibility is transiently awakened; for they take particular notice, whether the corn bears a better ear this year than the last; whether the grass is likely to turn out well. Hence they conclude, with infinite prophecy, of the likelihood of things. If they don't relish the prospect, this is the expression: "Why, neighbour, we shall all be ruined. Hay, and barley, and wheat will be dearer than ever; and what, pray, is to become of the poor?"—If they approve what they have analysed, they argue thus: "Well, well—come, come, neighbour—fine crops, heavenly weather—if it does but hold."—"Lovely crops, upon my word—thank God for them—thank God for them—God is very good indeed."—Away they go to the chimney-corner again, and over a pint of home-brew'd, talk of the goodness of God, and the goodness of crops—consult the weather-glass, and the old woman's toe—are one moment pious, and the next distrustful, till they get into bed; and

"—eat in dreams the custard of the day."

Now, in regard to the ladies, the matrimonial property of the gentlemen in these contrasted conditions,

it is but a courtesy I owe the fair sex, to take notice of their attachment to rural scenes. The woman of fashion is (for fashion's sake) very often a fair creature of such infinite affectation, that she is sometimes (as shifts the mode) obliged to adore, and sometimes to abominate the country. One day she has such a passion for nature, that her bosom is ornamented by so prodigious a besom of natural beauties, that one would be apt to think her half vegetation. While this fragrant fancy is upon her, the chimney, the windows, the window-seats, and the mantle, are all in flower. The next day 'comes a frost, a killing frost;'—that is to say, the lady looks cold upon her yesterday's objects of ardour: she is in so delicate a state of stomach, as to sink under the smell of odours; she cannot possibly support the exquisite oppression of perfumes: the maid is directed, therefore, to remove the flower-pots, and take all the nauseous things out of her sight.—The good woman of the shop, meanwhile, has a different train of ideas upon this subject. Her character is assimilated into that of her husband. She acquires all his love of money, and his mercenary method of getting it. She values the fountain, not because it is favourable to poetical images, but because the water of the spring is more agreeable and commodious in many respects, than that which is drawn from the river. She esteems the brook, not because it babbles and bubbles, but upon account of its purity, and its fine
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taste either in mixing the pudding, raising the pie-crust, or supplying the tea-kettle.—And as to the article of flowers, the marjoram, the marygold, and such culinary herbs are preferred, for the most part, to less useful vegetables; and therefore, like a very wise woman of this world, she makes her broth, dries her lavender, and preserves and pickles; while pinks and roses ‘in profusion,’ and in confusion too, were left to flourish and to fade as nature thought proper.—Now, with regard to rural societies, much I fear the enquiry will not turn out happily, should we enter into particulars. Reputations are even less safe and sacred in the country than in the city. Every little town has its gossip, its loungeur, its tell-tale, its inventor, and its critic; and one or all of these know every thing that is going forward in the parish. They assist each other, and, like the paragraphical collectors, open the budget for the mutual entertainment of each other and the town. It is the business of the loungeur to listen—the critic is upon the catch—the inventor supplies the imperfections of simple truth and mere matter of fact—and the tell-tale and gossip run gadding abroad, to circulate the materials which have been collected by the industry and ingenuity of their friends aforesaid.

“At every word a reputation dies.”

To

To be serious, however: The general infelicity produced by these, with the wrangling and back-biting amongst the men at their clubs, and of the women at their weekly card-tables or nightly parties, is greater and acuter than can well be imagined. Those who have been long fumigated, and as it were smoke-dried, in a city, sigh ardently for vernal breezes, and the zephyrs of an unclouded sky. This is natural; and so far as refreshment is to be acquired by gales of fragrance, and unobstructed air, the wish to make an excursion is rational. In natural descriptions, therefore, the poet is at full liberty, and has a fair opportunity, to indulge his genius; nay, he may be allowed to trespass a little upon matters of fact, and ('his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling') yield to the pleasures of a florid imagination.—But here let him stop—nor paint as angels all who live in a paradise. The same passions differently exerted, and the same temptations in different shapes, attend the inhabitants of the meadow as of the metropolis. The shades are by no means so peaceful as they are said to be by those who seldom hear them whisper; and believe me, the streams are not more apt to murmur, than those whose cottages are built beside them; neither is the happiness among the branches, nor is felicity in the forest.

Let us not be seduced into any notion which misguides, to center greater portions of joy in any situation than belong to it. All conditions have their disadvantages.

disadvantages. The city and the country assist the delights that are afforded by each. Like able lawyers of the same family, they play into one another's hand—and, by this politic artifice, produce wealth, and health, and honours, and enjoyments.—Variety is the very quintessence of bliss. Perennial suns would be shocking, and (to use Shakespeare's language) “leave no worship for that garish orb.” But night comes in to the relief of day, and gives a double welcome to the morning.

So of town and country :—Whoever reside constantly in the latter, are too apt to forget its beauties, even though they should be bigotted to its profits ;—and the mere cockney thinks all who live out of the sound of Bow-bell, a set of animals who see nothing but what increases their natural vacuity.

The point of wisdom in this case, as in a great many more, is to acquire a competent knowledge of facts, and neither to be extravagant in praise nor wild in censure.—We have, in all situations, more happiness than we merit. Let us not lessen it by fictitious miseries or ill-founded hopes, of which the disappointment is a misery indeed.

FEMALE

FEMALE ADVENTURES:

A FRAGMENT.

[PRATT.]

THIS sketch of a lady's first sally into the world, is worth the perusal of the sanguine and romantic of both sexes; who will not, perhaps, like to hear, that our heroine finished her travels after the dignity of human nature, by commencing the strolling princess of a barn.

"I was born neither to affluence nor indigence, to grandeur nor to meanness; for the years of mere childhood were past with my parents, who were retired into the country, and subsisted upon the profits of a small living in the gift of the college where my father was educated. My father was a quiet contented priest, who found the deficiencies of his income supplied by the treasures of his study; so that it will not be wondered at, if I imbibed pretty early a passion for books. Amongst my favourites were those compositions which drew fair pictures of human life; which described the dignity of our nature, and displayed to the eye of the reader the beautiful side of things. It is impossible to say how I was charmed at the sentiments of the poets, whenever they were designed to raise and elevate our species. I was so truly touched by the liveliness of
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the descriptions, whenever they exhibited the tender father, the liberal friend, the affectionate wife, or the dutiful child, that I gave myself up willingly to poetical captivity, and either wept or smiled, sorrowed or rejoiced, as the writer thought proper to exert his magic. Unluckily, my mother was violently attached to a set of notions somewhat opposite to mine. She was, perhaps, as excellent a maker of butter, as ever handled a churn; and used constantly to say, whenever she caught me at the book, that reading would spoil both my eyes and my fortune; for as the living would cease with the life of my father, and I seemed to have no sort of passion for any thing belonging to the dairy, it was most likely I should get little by the industry of my own hands. In defiance, however, of obloquy and sarcasms, I continued to read, and to feel, and still to stick close to the dignity of human nature. Sometimes I read of men, who, upon the basis of a rooted reciprocated regard for each other, offered to fight—to bleed—to fall in the defence of one another; and then my pulse beat high with pleasure. Sometimes I perused a narrative, where women, in the last exigence of life, had been relieved, cherished, and restored by friends of their own sex; and then my soul bled in sympathy. The only uneasiness I felt in thus dividing my time was, that I now and then wanted to share the joys I saw so eloquently painted. In a dilemma of this kind, it is natural to look about us, and,

and, by examining our own situation, to see all its possible capacities of enjoyment. Alas! mine was by no means fertile of felicity. I will honestly set down a picture of the prospect that constantly met my eye, whenever it was taken from the book. In front was a kind of farm-yard, where ducks, geese, pigs, chickens, and all their chattering associates, were assembled to turn up the straw, criticise the dunghill, waddle in the water, or dabble in the dirt. My mother was forever stewing over the fire, or drudging in the dairy; and whenever I wanted to illustrate the dignity of human nature by living examples, nothing could be more mortifying than my disappointment. My father was, to be sure, a very worthy piece of still life as ever resisted motion;—my mother, as pains-taking a matron as ever bustled about the house for the good of her family. But the neighbours were as little touched with sentiment as a walking-stick. The flap, the haul, the tinter, the gossip's gallop, and the child whom nobody was willing to father, was all that prevailed in the parish; and after I had been visiting any of these plodders, I always returned home dissatisfied; and was never again happy till I restored the dignity of human nature, by a description of those exalted fellow-creatures whom as yet I only knew in the printed page.—But with these, as my best, wisest, noblest, friends, I was resolved to form a more solid connection. I read my speeches over and over, and became

at last so enthusiastic, as to imagine the different characters actually addressed me.—But of all other volumes, those of the divine Richardson were the objects of my idolatry. I entered into terms of the most cordial endearments with the all-amiable Clarissa, the exquisite Clementina, the faultless Miss Byron, and the never-erring Sir Charles. “Oh! said I frequently with a heigh-ho!) that I could indeed be intimate with such characters! No faults, no foibles; all greatness, all goodness. As to that ill-natured fellow, Fielding, I cannot bear the thoughts of him. One may meet with such people as he draws, every where:—But Richardson—Richardson.”—In a word, I paid Clarissa a regular visit every afternoon, sat an hour with Sir Charles after dinner, drank tea with Clementina, and supped with Miss Byron. With this charming circle I lived some time, till, by constantly dwelling on their sentiments, I was led to argue in this manner with myself: “And am I destined to enjoy those connections only in theory? Am I never to know the highest delights of an elevated heart? Am I never to have a friend that deserves the dignity of the character? Surely, if I was in the great active world, I should soon find a congenial spirit, and taste the satisfaction of a sentimental soul.” I am resolved to get into life, and am confident I shall figure in the sphere for which I was born. What though I am not rich? are there not a thousand liberal hearts, which
will

will induce their possessors to furnish me with every convenience and accommodation? Every woman will hold out her hand—every man will open his purse. If I live till to-morrow, I will pave the way for my father's permission upon this subject; and if I cannot obtain that, I am determined to have some experience of the goodness of my fellow-creatures, and the dignity of human nature—although I travel, like a pilgrim, with my staff and scrip for it.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A CHEARFUL TEMPER.

[SPECTATOR.]

CHEARFULNESS is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres, of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood; and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulness of

heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulness, but very often see chearfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as re-
freshing

freshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to the colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts of the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the se-

veral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it in such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre

theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.'

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his
climate

climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

‘Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment

joyment of him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

ON GRATITUDE.

[SPECTATOR.]

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another,
naturally

naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man ; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirect to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge ; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper
with

with the goddesses he celebrated.—It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

[BLAIR.]

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of the highest importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable.

able. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

THE
HISTORY OF LOUISA.

[GRIFFITHS.]

AS there is no passion incident to the human mind which operates so strongly on the happiness or misery of life as Love, so there is none to which the young and innocent of the softer sex give way to with less caution or reflection. For their sakes then, who, guiltless themselves, suspect no fraud in others, I wish the following authentic little Tale to be made public, as a kind of beacon to my Fair Readers, to warn them against the perfidy of Men. This Story is not embellished with any episode, as it is no fable, but a literal matter of fact.

LOUISA was the only child of Mr. Hartington, an opulent merchant in Liverpool; and though she had the misfortune to lose her mother in her sixth year, the tenderness of a fond father, as far as it was possible, supplied that want, by affording her every species of education that her sex, even in an higher rank of life, are thought capable of. Her natural talents more than kept pace with the advantages of her education; so that, at sixteen years old, she was deemed not only the

most beautiful, but most accomplished young person in that part of the world.

The united charms of her mind and form, joined to the almost certain prospect of her possessing a large fortune, drew a crowd of admirers round her; but none of them were able to touch the gentle heart of Louisa. —As she marked no preference, she gave no offence; but few are the hearts in which love is so firmly rooted as to subsist without hope; and, by degrees, many of her sighing slaves withdrew, in expectation of finding a kinder, though less perfect mistress elsewhere.

There was, however, among her train, one true votary to Cupid, whom I shall call William Selby.

Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd,
Admiring; soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.

From a friendly connection between their families, this youth, though some years older than Louisa, had been bred in the strictest intimacy with her; and she not being blessed with a brother, had bestowed on him that mild sort of affection, compounded of tenderness and respect, which such a relation claims. His attachment to her, as I have already said, was of a much more ardent nature; but the difference of their prospects in life, joined to the generosity of his disposition, which wished not to debase, but to exalt the sovereign of his soul, made him determine to keep his passion secret,

cret, 'and in smiles conceal his anguish.' For, alas! William, though descended from noble family, was but the son of a clergyman, who, with an humane and benevolent heart, found it difficult to support a large family upon 200 l. a-year.

William was originally designed for the church: but the uncertainty of finding even a provision for himself in that sacred calling, as he was not allied to any bishop; and his earnest desire of being useful to his family, for he was the tenderest of sons, as well as of lovers, determined him to quit a collegiate life, before he had obtained his degrees, and seek for fortune in a busier scene.

By the interest of Louisa's father he was appointed a writer in the India Company's service; and the pleasing probability of obtaining wealth, and of dispensing it to those he loved, would have filled his mind with the most delightful sensations, if the sad idea of parting from Louisa had not cast a gloom on all his hopes of happiness, and darkened the bright prospect.

As the time of his departure approached, his melancholy increased; and he found it would be impossible to tear himself from his adored Louisa, if he were to attempt the bidding her adieu. He therefore resolved to take his leave by letter; and left the following lines to be delivered to her by his favourite sister, as soon as it was known that he had failed.

TO LOUISA.

“My ever dear, and, ah! too charming friend! think what must be the situation of thy William’s heart, when the sole image of delight it can receive, is that of giving a momentary pain to thine.—Yes, selfish as I am, I exist but in the hope that my Louisa’s gentle breast will heave a sigh, and her bright eyes be quenched in flowing tears, while she peruses this last adieu of her adoring, her despairing lover.—Ah! start not at the fond presumptuous phrase, Louisa! but remember, that he who writes, has never dared to utter it.—That Power alone, who knows his inmost thoughts, has seen his anguish; and to that Power he bends, in earnest prayer, to beg for blessings on thee, unmindful of himself.—Thine is the medium of thy William’s happiness; in that alone he wishes to be blest.—

Adieu—a long adieu!”

Though Louisa had never yet experienced either the transports or the pangs of love, she had a heart susceptible of the most melting tenderness; and William’s letter produced more permanent effects upon her mind than he could have imagined. Sorrow was a new guest in her gentle bosom, and she seemed to welcome the stranger with the same degree of fondness, that its opposite, joy, is in general received. In short, her cheerfulness declined, and even the opening roses on her

her cheek were supplanted by the lily. Alarmed at her situation, though ignorant of its cause, her father proposed her spending the winter in London, where she had not been since she left school; her obedience was ever the shadow to his will, except when she could divine his thoughts, and then it was their harbinger, preventing his command.

They set out together for the capital, where he placed her in the care of his sister, the widow of Sir John Morton; and, after spending a few days in London, took the tenderest leave of his darling daughter, and returned, now doubly a widower, to Liverpool.

The splendor and novelty of those scenes in which Louisa was now engaged, produced their natural effect on a young mind; yet was not William forgotten in the midst of her gaiety; and a bright drop would often tremble in her eye, when either a familiarity of person, or any other circumstance, recalled him to her imagination.

Numberless were the conquests which Louisa made in her new circle; but there was one, and only one, whose homage she accepted with pleasure. To all the tender assiduities which she had been accustomed to receive from William, he joined the fondest, warmest speech of love; a moment's absence was an age to him; and he complained, in tender elegiac strains, of being banished his Louisa's sight, even in those hours which were necessarily allotted to rest.

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This gay and gallant commerce subsisted for some months between Colonel Layton and Louisa, though not without some tender, but transient remembrances of William; and might have continued much longer, had it not been interrupted by Lady Morton's enquiring of her niece, whether the Colonel had obtained her father's consent to authorise his addresses. At this question Louisa started, as from a dream, and instantly recollected that her lover had never hinted an idea of matrimony in any of their conversations. But this she immediately attributed to his delicacy, as supposing he wished to gain her affection before he would presume to ask her hand.

Lady Morton then informed Louisa, that Lord Maynard had written to Mr. Hartington for permission to pay his addresses to her; and added, that his proposals were so generous, that she did not doubt of his obtaining her brother's consent, as he had declared that if he was happy enough to gain her heart, he desired no other treasure.

With a quickness unusual to her, Louisa replied, That was not to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and therefore never should be his.

In the midst of this not agreeable *entretien*, she received a letter from her father, repeating what Lady Morton had already told her in relation to Lord Maynard, and seconding the information with his most earnest and tender entreaties to receive his Lordship
favourably,

favourably, provided she had no prepossession against him, or in favour of another. He slightly mentioned his having been, for some time, in a declining state of health, and that on that account, and many others, he wished to see his daughter so amply and honourably provided for as she would be upon such an alliance.

Concern for her father's ill state of health triumphed over every other consideration in Louisa's mind, and she would have set out instantly to pay her duty to him, if she had not been prevented by Lady Morton shewing her a letter which she had received at the same time, wherein he said, if he did not find himself better, he should go to London in a few days in order to have a consultation of physicians. This immediately put a stop to her journey, as she reasonably supposed her going to him might at least delay, if not entirely prevent his coming.

Afflicted and disturbed with the various conflicts in her mind, a friendly shower of tears came to her aid, and she sat leaning on her arm and gazing on her father's letter, when Colonel Layton entered the room unperceived by her. Perhaps she never looked more lovely than at that moment;—for, as Dr. Young says of women,

‘ Heaven is pleas’d to make distress become them,
‘ And dresses them most amiably in tears.’

But

But the Colonel's attention was more engaged by the cause than the effect; and he snatched up her father's letter, pretending that he supposed it came from some favoured lover, whose sufferings she might be then lamenting. Though she made every possible effort to recover the paper, he had fully satisfied his curiosity before she could prevail on him to restore it; and the moment he had done so, he threw himself at her feet in an agony of despair, declaring that if she listened to Lord Maynard's addresses he would destroy himself; for that his life and happiness were bound up in her alone, and they should both perish before her. In order to calm his transports, she assured him, that if he could obtain her father's consent, she would most willingly sacrifice the offered advantages of rank and fortune; and, blushing through her tears, confessed, that her hopes of happiness as much depended upon that event as his; and that she would go so far as to join her entreaties with his, and doubted not they would succeed with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents.

Such a concession was certainly sufficient to abate the apprehension of the most ardent lover; but Colonel Layton did not seem to receive the smallest degree of satisfaction from it, but, on the contrary, declined making any application to Mr. Hartington, and took every possible pains to convince Louisa, that her father would not only refuse his consent to a match so inferior

rior to that already proposed, but probably forbid her ever seeing him, and enforce her obedience by sending for her immediately.

‘He that can please is certain to persuade;’

and Louisa, for the first time in her life, forgot her father’s long-accustomed kindness, and joined with her lover in a scheme to impose upon—herself. At his request she consented to conceal their mutual passion, and, for a time, to receive Lord Maynard’s visits, with a view of discovering some defect in his person or manners that might be deemed a sufficient objection to her liking him. Ah, poor Louisa! what an artful web art thou now weaving to entangle thy fair self!

In consequence of this concerted plan, Louisa expressed her obedience to her father’s commands, with only this reserve, that she requested an assurance from him, that if Lord Maynard was not agreeable to her, he would never exert his authority to compel her to marry him.

Her fond, her tender father most readily complied with her request; but, at the same time, informed her of the expediency of accepting Lord Maynard’s proposal, as he found that both his health and fortune were in a declining state.

The first of these she sincerely lamented, but the other was below her consideration; for, “what is fortune to the wish of love?”

She

She communicated her father's letter to the Colonel, and continued to receive Lord Maynard's visits with a coldness which seemed only restrained by good-breeding from expressing disgust. Enamoured as his Lordship was, he easily perceived the little likelihood there was of gaining Louisa's affections, without which her charms were valueless to him; and he was upon the point of retiring from an hopeless pursuit, when the news of Mr. Hartington's bankruptcy and death were brought to his afflicted daughter.

This double shock was sufficient to subdue a firmer frame of mind and body than poor Louisa boasted; and she would probably have sunk under it to everlasting peace and rest, if the fond idea of being necessary to Colonel Layton's happiness had not recalled her love of life, and made her consider its preservation as a proof of her affection to him.

Many weeks elapsed before she was able to receive even this lover's visits; but his letters daily found their way to the inmost recesses of her heart, which, softened by her present sorrows, was rendered still more susceptible of love; and she determined, as soon as her health would permit her, to see Lord Maynard, and put a final end to his hopes, by avowing her attachment to the Colonel.

Generous as this resolution appears, it was by no means approved of by the person in whose favour it was taken; he therefore used every art to prevent its
being

being carried into execution : but though he could not prevail on Louisa still to trifle with Lord Maynard's passion, by continuing to receive his addresses, he had the confidence to tell her, that it was now as necessary on his own account as it had formerly been on her's, to keep their attachment a secret ; for that his friends would certainly oppose his marriage with the daughter of a bankrupt.

The cruelty of this expression was sufficient to have raised the strongest resentment in a mind less subdued by passion than Louisa's ; but she was become so totally a slave, that she felt not the severity of her tyrant, and only lamented the loss of a fortune, as it might have served to reconcile a mercenary world to her lover's choice. She however persisted in her resolution of dismissing Lord Maynard, who had pursued his addresses with more ardour since the death of her father, than at first. She was not insensible to the generosity of his conduct ; but a heart so devoted as her's could make no adequate return to his disinterested affection.

When he received her final determination against him, he ventured to tell her, that he lamented his want of power to obtain her heart, almost as much for her sake as his own ; and seemed to hint as if he feared she had disposed of it to an unworthy object. Louisa considered this inuendo as the malice of a disappointed lover, and triumphed secretly at having had an opportunity

opportunity of making such a sacrifice to her dear Colonel.

In about three weeks after Lord Maynard had de-
fitted from visiting Louisa, a letter was brought her,
from an anonymous writer, which informed her, there
were three thousand pounds lodged in the four per cent.
funds for her sole use, desiring that she would go im-
mediately and sign the books to ascertain her property;
and requesting her to consider this sum not as a gift,
but as the payment of a debt legally due to her de-
ceased father, whose affairs were then settled, and all
his creditors fully paid.

After much doubt upon this subject, she became con-
vinced, in her own mind, that this bounty must have pro-
ceeded from Lord Maynard; and neither Lady Morton,
nor the Colonel, could prevail on her to avail herself of
his generosity, from whom, she was conscious she had
not deserved it. Her delaying to accept this present,
occasioned her to receive a second letter, assuring her,
that if she did not take the necessary steps to secure her
property, it would sink into the general fund; for that
the person who had placed it there would never receive
principal or interest from it, upon any conditions what-
soever.

In consequence of this letter, and the repeated im-
portunities of her lover, she consented at last to re-
ceive this present, for such she still considered it; and
a day was fixed for her going into the city: the

Colonel

Colonel was to accompany her, as Lady Morton was totally ignorant of all the forms of business, and her equipage could contain but two persons, as it was only a chariot. During their little journey from Berkeley-Square into the city, the Colonel used every argument to persuade Louisa into a private marriage, and went so far as to say, that if she neglected the present opportunity they never should be united, for that her refusal could only proceed from want of true regard and confidence in him. How artful is this bait! and how secure must that lover be of his mistress's affection, when he pretends to doubt it, by demanding proofs of it! The little rhetoric which Louisa's delicacy suggested against his request, such as the not having a female friend with her, the ingratitude towards her aunt in not entrusting her with the design, &c. &c. was quickly overcome by his more subtle sophistry, Was he not her husband, lover, friend? In whom should she confide but him, and him alone?

If my reader has ever been in love, he or she will easily believe that Louisa did not long continue obdurate; for sure there is no task so hard as to deny the suit of one we love.

The chariot set them down at the four per cent. office, and was ordered by the Colonel to drive to St. Paul's, and wait their coming. The moment that Louisa had signed the books and received half-a-year's interest, the Colonel conveyed her in a hackney-coach

to a house in Ludgate-Street, where there was a person in the habit of a clergyman to hurry over the awful ceremony of marriage, and to precipitate the unsuspecting fair one into a series of distress and misery.

Triumphant in the success of his scheme, the Colonel's transports were without bounds; and the innocent Louisa rejoiced in the fond hope of having made her husband supremely happy. A few short months passed away in all the delights of mutual and concealed affection. From the termination of that æra his visits were less frequent; and even when his appearance gladdened her fond heart, his looks were sometimes gloomy, and his conversation constrained and absent. Lovers have lynxes' eyes, and are ever prone to pry too closely into the secret that reveals their misery. The wretched Louisa quickly perceived the fatal change, but had not resolution to demand the cause. At length, unasked, the Colonel told her that he had lost a considerable sum at play, and that his incapacity to discharge the debt, without laying himself under obligations to his friends, was the sole source of his chagrin. At this account, joy brightened every feature of Louisa's face, and filled her generous heart; she would have flown that very moment to collect her little treasure and lay it at his feet, had he not prevented her, by observing, that her aunt would be alarmed at her going out without acquainting her; but that in a few days she might find an opportunity of
going

going to the bank without Lady Morton's knowledge, and selling out her flock. To this she readily consented, and perhaps at that instant felt more gratitude to the donor of this sum than she had ever done before.

Delighted with the power of obliging her beloved husband, she hoped to increase his happiness, by tenderly informing him, that her situation would render it impossible to conceal their marriage much longer; and as Lady Morton was going to spend the latter part of the summer at Bristol, and would expect her to accompany her, she thought it necessary to let her aunt into the secret, as she might then remain in her house, during her absence, and lie-in there as privately as possible.

To this proposal the Colonel objected most vehemently, and declared that his ruin must be the consequence of revealing their marriage to Lady Morton, or any other person breathing; said, if she truly loved him, she would not scruple to sacrifice her reputation for a time, when she was self-satisfied with her own conduct, and certain that it must be justified to the world at a proper season, when he could avow his attachment with safety and honour to himself and her. Unsupported by any visible cause but his will, these futile arguments had their wished effect, and Louisa, even unreluctantly, subscribed to the covenant she had made in marriage.

In order to obviate Lady Morton's suspicions on

account of her niece's refusing to accompany her to Bristol, a letter was to be written to Louisa, as from Mrs. Selby, whose known intimacy would countenance the fraud, inviting her to spend some months at her house, and acquainting her that many of her father's effects were come to light, which she might easily recover if she were upon the spot.

When the day appointed for Louisa's departure arrived, Lady Morton was more surprised than affected at her niece's immoderate sorrow; indeed she knew not the source of her tears, nor could even the poor mourner herself account for the uncommon weight of grief which hung upon her heart. She was a thousand times tempted to break her promise to the Colonel, and reveal her situation in confidence to her aunt; but her obedience was implicit, and triumphed over her reason. She therefore kept the painful secret, and, torn by a variety of conflicting passions, threw herself alone into the chaise.

At the end of the first stage she was met by Colonel Layton, who dried her tears, and soothed her anxious mind with all the apparent tenderness of love.

The next day they set out for Louisa's destined habitation, which was a lonely cottage, about five-and-twenty miles from London, in the county of Essex. There were two servants ready to receive them there, a man and a maid. The house, though small, was neatly furnished, and Louisa considered it as a temple
sacré

sacred to secret love; but did not know she was designed a victim for its altar. A week passed away in all the elegant pleasure of retirement, with the sole object of her love, before the Colonel raised the sad idea of parting from her; and though he promised his absence should be short, and his stay permanent after his return, she rather submitted than acquiesced in his departure.—Forebodings are natural to the mind, though philosophy has never yet been able to account for them.

When left alone, she yielded to all the melancholy impressions that had assailed her when she quitted Lady Morton, and spent the greatest part of the night in sighs and tears. Solely occupied by her tenderness at the time of the Colonel's leaving her, she had forgotten to mention her having but a very few guineas in her purse, which the necessary, though small demands of her family, quickly exhausted. She therefore wrote to her husband to request he would bring her an immediate supply, and rejoiced at this opportunity of pressing his return without seeming impatient of his absence.

Before she left London, she had sold out 1000*l.* to discharge the Colonel's debts of honour; but there still remained 2000*l.* more, which his rapacious cruelty designed to rob her of. In consequence of his detestable intention, he wrote her word, that he had again been unfortunate at play, which had prevented his

going to her, as he could not leave London till he had acquitted himself of such *honourable obligations*; and assured her, if he was once more set free, he would never again involve himself; for that he had been extremely miserable in being obliged to continue so long absent from his dear Louisa. He also inclosed her a letter of attorney that might authorise him to receive her money, if she chose that he should extricate himself from his present difficulties, and fly to her and happiness.

There can be no doubt of Louisa's readiness to purchase the supreme felicity of her life, her husband's company, with a few 'rascal counters.'

She hastened to execute the letter of attorney, which her servants witnessed, and returned it with the most affectionate letter by the immediate post.

The moral certainty which she now possessed of the Colonel's speedy return, cheered her weak spirits, and recalled her natural vivacity; and though she counted the hours, it was as a traveller does the miles, rejoicing that so many were passed. For a fortnight her expectations were kept awake, and when the night closed in disappointment, she looked forward, with hope, to the dawn. Every passing sound caught her ear, and caused a momentary glow upon her lovely cheek. The delicacy of her frame, joined to her weak situation, soon rendered her unable to support this world of racks; and she imperceptibly sunk into that
heart-

heart-felt sickness which arises from hope deferred. Every post carried letters from her to the beloved of her soul; but, alas! they returned without an answer. His safety now became the object of her fears, and she imagined that sickness, or death only, could have prevented his writing or coming to her. Possessed of this apprehension, she resolved on setting out to London, though she knew not where to bestow herself in her present condition, which was now apparent; nor had she any money to subsist on, should she be so unfortunate as not to find her husband: yet all these considerations vanished before the idea of his danger; and she was on the point of setting out, when she received the following letter:

“ Dear Louisa,

“ The necessity of my affairs compels me to leave England for a few years—perhaps for ever.—Start not at this thought, my lovely girl, but strive to make the best of what your tenderness may consider as a misfortune. Your character is uninjured by me—would I could say as much of your fortune! but that—I blushing own—I have destroyed. The wisest way that remains for you to repair this evil, is to return to your friends at Liverpool as soon as a certain event is over, and for ever to conceal from the world the ideal connection between us,—Pardon me, Louisa, for deceiving you,

“ I inclose

"I inclose you bills for two hundred pounds, which is all the remnant that my cursed love of play has left of your fortune or my own. But you have still a treasure which time only can rob you of—I mean your beauty, which, if well managed, may make you full amends for the loss you have sustained by the attachment of

"GEORGE LAYTON."

It would be doing injury to the feelings of humanity to attempt describing those of the unfortunate Louisa, upon the perusal of this letter. Nor sighs nor tears came to the fair-one's aid, but pangs unutterable. She fell in labour immediately, and was delivered of a dead child on the succeeding day. A fever followed, and she lay for several weeks in a state either of insensibility or delirium. During her illness the man-servant, which Colonel Layton had provided for her, imagining it impossible that she should recover, resolved to be her executor, and decamped in the night with her bills, watch, and every valuable moveable that he could find means to carry off with him.—But death, as well as sleep, too often flies the wretched; at least, he comes not at their call, "nor mends his slowest pace for plaints or cries."

With only the assistance of an humane country apothecary, Louisa was again restored to *life*, if we may call existence marked by misery, by *that* name.

This

This worthy and benevolent succedaneum to the faculty quickly perceived that his fair patient was unhappy; and as soon as she was able to be removed from the scene of all her woes, generously offered her an asylum in his house, till she could establish her health, and bring about a reconciliation with her friends, whom he supposed to be acquainted with her situation.

Louisa's delicacy necessarily prevented her accepting his friendly offer; for the doctor, as they called him, was unmarried, and looked upon as a man of gallantry by his neighbours. Though hurt at her refusal, he generously discharged all the little debts which her illness had occasioned, and continued to visit her with the honest warmth of an old friend.

With the power of thinking, Louisa's misery returned, and her thoughts were at times as much distracted as when she had been actually deprived of her reason. The sole source that remained to furnish her even with a glimpse of hope, was, that of trying to awaken Lady Morton's tenderness, by a full confession of her own weakness, and Colonel Layton's villainy.

The tale was long and interesting to the unhappy writer, and some weeks were spent in recapitulating and resuffering the agonies of mind and body which she had endured. At length this task was finished, and she waited in anxious suspense, with regard to her
future

future existence, which must necessarily depend on Lady Morton's answer.

During this painful interval, her friend, the apothecary, came to visit her; and in order to amuse her, brought with him the last month's magazine, in which he observed there was a gentleman married of the name of Layton, who might probably be a relation of her's.

She snatched the book with eagerness, and casting her eye upon the paragraph, read these words: "Such a day was married at St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Colonel George Layton, to Lady Morton, relict of Sir Thomas Morton, Baronet: as soon as the ceremony was over, the new-married couple set out for France."

Louisa's eyes had not speculation enough in them to finish the paragraph; the book dropt from her slack hand, and she fell senseless on the floor.

Behold her now deprived of the last glimmering ray that was to guide her trembling steps through the intricate and thorny paths of life! robbed of her fame, her fortune, and her friends—whither, ah! whither could she seek for aid! From Him alone who knew her upright heart, and saw her bitter anguish. To Him the mourner bent the suppliant knee; not to implore his vengeance, but to beg for leave to lay the burden down of wretched life, which was become too heavy to endure.

A gentle

A gentle decay, which she imperceptibly fell into, seemed to forward her most earnest wish; and had she been possessed of any means for her support, she would have sunk silently into the land of oblivion, unpitied and unknown. But her landlord now demanded rent, and her servant wages, which she was incapable of paying, but by disposing of her small effects in furniture and cloaths, which, when sold, amounted to as much as would discharge her debts to every one but the friendly apothecary, who refused to receive any part either of his disbursements or his bill.

Forlorn, distressed, and sinking to the grave, she bent her melancholy course to Liverpool, in hopes of finding shelter, for her few remaining days, beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Selby. As she measured back the tedious miles which led to that loved scene of innocence and peace, could she avoid reflecting on the change which two short years had made?—Her tears flowed fast, but silent; and the passengers who travelled in the coach with her, though not possessed of the most delicate sensibility, were so much affected with her grief, that for their sakes she endeavoured to restrain it. For the unhappy Louisa wished not for sharers in her woe, nor would have pained another heart, even to ease her own. She even lamented her having written to Lady Morton, as she feared, if she ever received her letter, it might make her unhappy, and be the cause of dissention between her and her husband.

On

On her arrival at Liverpool she enquired for Mr. Selby, and was informed he had been dead almost a year, and that his wife and daughters kept a boarding-school at Preston. This was a new and a severe distress; for how could the generous Louisa think of becoming an expence to those who were unable to support themselves. And yet it was her sole resource; for though she had a number of intimate acquaintance in Liverpool, who, in the sunshine of her prosperity, assumed the name of friends, she knew of none that would support that character towards her in her present hapless state. She therefore kept herself concealed that evening, and set out early the next morning for Preston, where she was received with such real transports of joy, as could only be abated by the appearance of her delicate and declining state of health. By the good Mrs. Selby she was welcomed as a daughter, and by her daughters as a long absent and beloved sister. They talked in raptures of the joy that William would receive from knowing she was with them, and gently reproached her for not having enabled them to satisfy his earnest and constant enquiries about her. She answered only by her tears; but they were tears of tenderness, not sorrow: she rejoiced in the prospect of William's success, and in finding the situation of his family, though not desirable, yet far from wretched. Louisa found every thing in this retirement that could give ease to her afflicted heart: she acquainted Mrs. Selby

Selby with her whole story; and that good and pious friend poured in the balm of comfort to her wounded mind, by convincing her how much more wretched she must have been, had she known aught of guilt; and used to say, she pitied Colonel Layton even more than Louisa.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Hartington's daughter was at Preston, many persons came from Liverpool to wait on her; and some of the principal merchants there, not only offered her every service in their power, but brought her different sums, which, they said, were balances of accompts due to her father after his affairs were settled. These little sums, in all amounting to about 500*l.* gave infinite pleasure to Louisa, as it prevented her from being a burden on the amiable family she was settled with. Wrapped in the arms of friendship, some years passed gently on; peace seemed once more to re-assume its favourite mansion in Louisa's bosom; and her returning health spread joy around her.

The faithful William still preserved his passion inviolate for her; and from the moment he knew where she was, wrote to her constantly. His success, in point of fortune, was proportioned to his merits; and by the time he had been six years in India, he was able to support his mother and sisters in independent affluence; but he declared he would never return to England till he had made a fortune worthy of Louisa's acceptance.

His generous constancy pained Louisa's heart ; for well she knew there were insuperable bars between them, as she must ever consider herself as Colonel Layton's wife, though he had cast her off to want and infamy.

During this interval, the public papers gave an account of Lady Morton's dying in a convent in France, and that her husband was at that time a volunteer in the Empress of Russia's army. In a few weeks after, a paquet was sent to Louisa by Sir Thomas Morton's nephew, who was heir to her aunt's jointure : this paquet had been inclosed to him by the abbess of the convent where Lady Morton died, with an earnest request to have it delivered as directed. It contained a letter written by Lady Morton when dying, lamenting the involuntary wrongs which she had been guilty of towards her unhappy niece ; and hoping that her sufferings here would atone for them, as she had been the most miserable being upon earth from the moment she had received her letter, which had been forwarded to her at Paris ; in consequence of which she had taxed the Colonel with his crime, which he denied not, but smiling, styled it *un ruse de guerre* : and on her expressing the horror she felt at his conduct, he had behaved most inhumanely to her, and at last conveyed her into Brittany, and confined her in a convent there, from whence she could only hope to be relieved by death, whose approaches she received with joy. She again implored her forgiveness, and with her dying breath bequeathed

bequeathed her blessing to her, which was all she then had left to bestow.

This letter recalled all Louisa's tenderness for her unhappy aunt, and afflicted her sincerely; she had, however, the consolation to hope, that her sufferings had amply atoned for her imprudence, and that they were now at an end; and she could not help rejoicing even in her own past misfortunes, since they had freed her from the society of such a monster as Colonel Layton.

The year following there was an account of an engagement between the Turks and Russians, and Colonel Layton was mentioned among the slain.

It was impossible that Louisa should lament his death; yet she felt a true Christian sorrow for his being sent to his account so unprepared as she feared he might have been:—she had never ceased to pray for his conversion; and had she been a Catholic, she would have expended her little remnant of fortune in masses for his soul.

As soon as Mrs. Selby knew of Colonel Layton's death, she requested Louisa's leave to acquaint William with her story, which had been hitherto kept a secret from him and his sisters. To this she readily consented; and the youngest Miss Selby, from whom I had this story, was appointed secretary upon the occasion. It is easy to imagine how William must be affected, on reading the interesting narrative of his Louisa's suf-

ferings:—indignation, pity, and tenderness, became auxiliaries to his fondness, and he resolved to return to England to soothe the sorrows of the lovely mourner, and devote his life to her happiness, as soon as he could settle his affairs in India. His generous plan was soon put into execution; and he returned to his country, family, and mistress, in perfect health and happiness.

The days of Louisa's mourning seemed now to be expired, and an universal joy was diffused over the countenance of every Selby. William was *all* their fondness could have wished; and Louisa joined in acknowledging the united graces of his mind and person: yet still that dear delirium, which she had once experienced for the worst of men, was unfelt for the worst! Gratitude, esteem, and friendship, were all she could bestow, and she in vain lamented her incapacity of giving more. Strange caprice of the human heart! whose motions nought can regulate, while like a meteor, it shoots along, too oft portending ruin.

Every possible enquiry was now made to ascertain the death of Colonel Layton; but no other account had ever been received by any of his friends, than that which the public papers had given of his being killed in battle. This was fully sufficient to satisfy William and his family; and if Louisa seemed to express a doubt upon the subject, they charged it to unkindness and want of affection for them all.

It was impossible long to withstand their united importunities;

portunities; and Louisa at length crowned all their wishes, by bestowing her hand on the deserving and faithful Selby. Ease and affluence were now her constant attendants:

‘Chearfulness danced all day before her;

‘And at night, soft slumbers waited on her downy
‘pillow.’

The lover, husband, friend, were all united in the generous Selby; and if felicity was ever the lot of mortals, this happy family enjoyed it. Louisa’s now apparent situation seemed to promise an addition to their happiness, if it could admit increase; and they all set out to a house Mr. Selby had taken in London, on account of Louisa’s approaching accouchement.

I should long since have mentioned, that Louisa had discharged the pecuniary part of her obligations to her friendly apothecary in Essex. On her marriage, Mr. Selby had presented him with a bill for an hundred pounds, and now wrote to desire him to come to London to attend his wife upon a similar occasion to that in which she had formerly experienced his skill and tenderness, though he now hoped in a much happier situation. The good man obeyed the summons, and Louisa was safely delivered of a lovely boy.

She had lain-in about ten days, with every prosperous omen of recovery, her fond, her tender husband sitting by her bed-side, when a man with haggard and

pale looks; wild staring eyes, and every dreadful mark of madness, rushed into her chamber, and with a hollow voice cried out, 'She is my wife, and I will die beside her!' The more than terrified Louisa could only say, 'It is, it is my husband.'—and sunk upon her pillow. What now were Selby's feelings! the stranger's madness seemed contagious—he flung himself between his dear Louisa and the frantic wretch, who struggled to embrace her; they fell together; and in their fall, a pistol, which the Colonel had concealed, went off, and wounded Selby in the side. They leaped upon their feet—and Selby then snatched a sword which hung within his reach, and buried it in the other's bosom. By this time the family were alarmed, and rushed together into the chamber to behold a scene of complicated horror. She only was insensible to all the miseries around her, nor could they call her back to reason, though she returned to life in strong convulsions, and expired in a few hours, a hapless victim to her only error, the having ventured to confide too far in him who had so cruelly betrayed her.

When they attempted to draw the sword from Colonel Layton's wound, his life-blood seemed to follow it; he therefore begged that they would let it rest till he had made the sole atonement then in his power. He recapitulated all his crimes, and said, that from the moment in which he abandoned Louisa, he had carried a burning hell within his bosom; that he had sought
for

for death to free him from his torments, but that, tho' left for dead upon the field of battle, he had recovered in his own despite; that upon hearing of Lady Morton's death he had determined to seek out Louisa, and make her all the reparation in his power, but was then taken prisoner by the Turks, and only set at liberty within that year; that, on his return to England, finding his Louisa married to Mr. Selby, he had grown quite frantic, and resolved to expiate his offences by dying before her: and for that purpose came prepared with a pistol. He acquitted Mr. Selby of his death, and, imploring mercy, pulled forth the weapon from his breast, and died.

The wound which Mr. Selby had received from the pistol was not dangerous; but his dear wife's death had sealed his doom. The complicated agonies of his mind threw him into a fever, from which he wished not to recover. He expired in a few days, and his last sigh breathed forth Louisa's name.

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

[GRIFFITH.]

ABOUT the year 1722, a person of the name of Thomas came to settle in a village near Drogheda, in the kingdom of Ireland. He brought with him two beautiful children, a son and a daughter; the boy,

boy, whose name was William, was about twelve years of age, and the little Anna about ten. Thomas rented a considerable farm, and was by much the most industrious and active man in his neighbourhood. He introduced a different kind of husbandry from what the natives had been used to, and the produce of his grounds was more in proportion than that of any of the farmers near him.

The common Irish, though naturally hospitable and humane to strangers, are wedded to their customs, and look with a scornful and jealous eye upon any innovation. It was not, therefore, till after some years experience both of his sense and goodness, that his neighbours regarded Thomas as a compatriot and friend; but his many acts of humanity and kindness at length triumphed over all their prejudices, and they began to consider Farmer Thomas as the father of the village. Notwithstanding the constant labour incident to his profession, our farmer attended closely to the education of his children. William was sent daily to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, nor was he ever suffered to go through any of the laborious part of the farming business, or to pass the heat of the day in the fields. Those hours were peculiarly devoted to his studies, and to the pleasure he took in improving the mind of his lovely and beloved sister. The fond attachment of these young people was remarkable throughout

throughout the village, and lovers used to boast to their mistresses, a tenderness equal to William's for Anna.

If, in the course of his occupation, William was detained but an hour later than usual from home, the tear stood trembling in Anna's eye, till William's presence, like the morning sun, dried up the pearly dew; and if any of the village lads seemed to gaze on Anna with a lover's eye, the roses would forsake poor William's cheek, and he would sigh, as if his heart was breaking: "Anna, my dear Anna (would he sometimes say to her), how happy should I be in the title of your brother, if I did not fear that there is yet a dearer tie, that may, perhaps, a few years hence, engross all your affections, and that the tenderness of a sister will be swallowed up in the fondness of a wife: you will give your whole heart to a husband, and William will not live when Anna ceases to regard her brother."

"Why must I marry? (the smiling maid would answer) I am as happy as I can wish to be; all my affections are engrossed by our dear father and yourself; my heart cannot contain another love; and till I see a youth that can surpass my William in kindness to his Anna"—"Oh, that will never be (he quick exclaimed), and Anna will be William's sister all her days!"

While they thus continued expressing their innocent and mutual tenderness, Farmer Thomas returned

one day from the fields, holding a letter in his hand, his brow seemed overcast with sorrow. Anna was the first to run and embrace her father: "Retire, my child (said he), I wish to speak to William quite alone."—The dutious maid blushed at this seeming repulse of her filial affection, and her fond heart trembled, lest William should have offended his father.

As soon as she was gone—"William (said the farmer), you must prepare to quit as instantly! A person waits at some small distance with horses to convey you hence. You are going to launch into a world to which you are a stranger; may the all-gracious Providence continue its protection to my more than child! and may the lessons of probity and honour which you have received beneath this humble roof, guide and direct your conduct in a more exalted, but perhaps less happy state!" He could no more, his sighs now stopped his utterance, and he fell on William's neck.

The astonished youth cried out, "What is my crime? Why am I banished from my father's sight? Does Anna too go with me?"—"No, William, you must part from her and me at once, and part without even bidding her farewell."—"Then my return will be as swift, my father, as my departure is precipitate—yet let me speak one word to my dear sister." At that instant the person entered who was to conduct William from all his heart held dear. Thomas embraced his darling youth, and said, "You must obey
this

this gentleman."—Then turning to the latter—"There is your charge; and, oh! may heaven preserve him!"

William had ever been accustomed to pay an implicit obedience to his father's will. Thomas had too much sense and virtue to impose hardships upon his children, or to suffer them to warp his authority, when his commands were once declared, either by tears or blandishments; it did not therefore appear possible for William to attempt the smallest opposition to what he considered as the first severe trial of his duty, and he accordingly set out, in sorrow and silence, with his new guide.

The distance from Drogheda to Dublin is not above twenty miles, yet it seemed to William like a thousand leagues; his anxiety increased with the distance that removed him from his peaceful home; and when they reached the capital, about the close of the evening, he had a wild eagerness in his countenance that almost distorted his features, and made him appear rather an alarming than a pleasing object.

After traversing numberless streets, all new to William, his guide stopped at a magnificent house, shewed him into a parlour, and desired he would wait his return, in silence. It was impossible for William to obey the latter part of this injunction. He was no sooner alone, than he burst forth into the tenderest exclamations at being torn from his Anna without the indulgence of a fond adieu, and uttered to himself the
most

most fervent resolutions of returning to his father and sister by the morning's dawn.

In about an hour his conductor returned, and led him by the hand into a chamber where a lady lay, seemingly at the point of death: close by the bed-side sat a very old gentleman, and near him stood a comely youth of about twelve years of age. The moment William entered the chamber, the dying lady made an effort to raise herself, and stretching forth her hand to him, said, "Come near, my child, and receive the last embrace and parting blessing of an expiring mother." William's whole soul was absorbed in transport at these tender sounds: the voice of maternal fondness had never struck his ear—it seemed as if he had acquired a new sense, and that the harmony of the spheres was then become vocal to him. He flew and prostrated himself at his mother's bed-side, gazed on her languid face with pain and pleasure, and bathed her trembling hand with his fast-falling tears. While his mother embraced and mixed her tears with his, she turned to the old gentleman, and said, "Thank heaven I now shall die in peace! I have done justice to my child! receive him, Sir, as your's; his countenance bespeaks his understanding, and his sensibility is a proof of virtue. My William, bend your knee to your now almost only parent; for soon, my child, your mother will be dust."

William, quite frantic with grief, cried out, "And
oh!

oh! have I found this treasure, this dear mother, even in the moment that I am to lose her!"—"Do not indulge your sorrows (she replied); rather rejoice for me my child, that the wished hour draws near, when I shall terminate a life of woe. Now, Sir (said she, addressing the old gentleman, who seemed wrapt in thought, and delivering a packet of papers to him), here are the incontestible proofs of my unhappy marriage with your son, and the certificate of my William's birth. To Providence and you I entrust him; and may your justice to him atone for the cruelties I have suffered, and entitle you to pardon and to mercy!" Then again embracing William, she added, "Retire, my child: my spirits faint with this exertion: I hope again to see you, and breathe forth my last sigh on your dear bosom."

William, drowned in tears, was conducted into another apartment. The youth whom he had seen in his mother's chamber came to him, and with the utmost kindness endeavoured to console his sorrows. "You are my brother (said he); and though I miss a fortune, by the discovery your mother has now made, I think such a relation as you seem to be, so great an acquisition, that I shall never regret the loss, if you will but love me as my heart tells me that I shall deserve from you."

Though plunged in grief, William's heart was too susceptible of tenderness to reject a brother's kindness:

he embraced the young Henry, and begged him to explain the meaning of that interesting scene, in which he had so lately been an actor.

“ All that I can tell you (said Henry) is, that *our* father was the only son of that old gentleman you saw in the chamber, who sent him abroad for education; during which time, it now appears, that he privately married the dying lady, who is your mother; and when our grandfather recalled him to Ireland, the old gentleman compelled his son to marry another lady, who was my mother, with whom he lived about five years, and died of a consumption. My mother did not long survive him, and I have hitherto been brought up as the sole heir of our grandfather's immense possessions, to which I most readily relinquish my claim, if by so doing I may acquire the happy exchange of an affectionate brother.”

William made every possible return to his brother's kindness; for though, from the manner in which he had been brought up, he was insensible to the value of riches, and therefore could not estimate the sacrifice which Henry made him at its full rate, yet still he felt, that such a voluntary privation must arise from an effort of generosity, and he was thankful to the giver, without highly regarding the gift. But he was not equally indifferent to the tender feelings of a filial and fraternal love; his heart seemed to expand with these new claims, and a mother and a brother

were

were to him more acceptable treasures than all the wealth of the Peruvian mines.

The quick succession of unlooked-for events which had befallen William in the space of a few hours, had rendered his mind a perfect chaos: but he was no sooner left alone to pass the night in his apartment, than a ray of joy broke through the mist, developed his ideas and shewed him the supreme felicity which awaited him, in the fond hope of a still nearer connection than that of a brother with his beloved Anna. The gifts of fortune no longer seemed beneath his regard: they would raise the object of his affection to a situation worthy of her charms and virtues: and they would afford him the heart-felt transport of repaying his obligations to his more than father, by placing the worthy Thomas in a state of ease and affluence.

These pleasing reveries engrossed his thoughts the greater part of the night, and rendered him incapable of rest. With the earliest dawn, his contemplations were disturbed by a summons to attend his now expiring mother: she again embraced and blessed him: expressed her gratitude for the parental care her faithful friend had taken of his youth; and breathed her parting sigh on William's breast. His anguish was extreme, and it was with much difficulty he was removed from the lifeless form of her who gave him being.

When the last duties had been paid to the remains of his dead mother, William expressed his wishes of

returning to the dear friends he had left in the country ; and desired Henry to obtain his grandfather's permission for that purpose. Sir Henry Nugent (so was the old gentleman called, was highly offended at his grandson's request ; he commanded him into his presence immediately, and spoke to him in the following manner :

“ My mind, young man, has been so much employed by the extraordinary and unsatisfactory tale that your mother has promulged with her last breath, that I have not yet had leisure to search for the corroborating proofs of her story in the nobleness of your principles and sentiments ; but if you are, as that woman boasted——”

“ That woman, Sir !” exclaimed the youth.

“ Hear me in silence, Sir (replied the knight). If you are really descended from my family, and that the blood of Nugent fill your veins, you will immediately abjure all further connexion with those sordid peasants who have brought you up, perhaps, with principles as mean as their vocation : you will raise your thoughts to higher prospects ; and by entering directly into an alliance which I have in view for you, strive to lose the contemptible ideas which your disgraceful education may have given you, in the society of those who are my equals.”

“ I, Sir ! (cried William)—I abjure the worthy man who was my more than father ! No, Sir, it is impossible ;

impossible; the blood that fills my veins, from whatever source it may be derived, is rich at least in gratitude, and my heart triumphs in the joyful thought of repairing the injuries of fortune to the best of men, and elevating worth and virtue like my Anna's to its proper sphere."

Sir Henry could no longer contain his resentment: "Insensible and groveling wretch! (he cried) I am now convinced the tale thy mother told was all a lie, and she a vile impostor. The forgeries, which she called proofs, of thy relation to a noble family, are luckily at this moment in my hands, and thus I sacrifice thy vain pretensions, to which the meanness of thy heart too clearly shows thou hast no real claim."—So saying, he threw the packet, which William's mother had entrusted to his care, into the fire, and thus went on: "Return, poor fordid slave, and till that earth thou wert not born to be the lord of; make thy connexions with thy fellow-peasants, and let me never see thee more."

The violence and suddenness of Sir Henry's behaviour had surprised William so much, that he was almost petrified, and stood for several minutes without motion after Sir Henry had left the room. All the delightful prospects which had occurred to his youthful mind, of receiving happiness upon the truest principles, that of bestowing it, now vanished like a dream, nor for a time could he thoroughly believe that he was a-

wake. Yet still the pleasing hope that he might be united to his Anna by the tenderest bonds, inspirited his heart, and roused him from the stupor of astonishment.

“ Yes, I will go, (he cried), and unite my fate with virtue, such as never inhabited these gilded walls, except while my poor mother’s parting spirit deigned to reside within the hateful mansion. If it still hovers o’er this scene of cruelty and injustice, it will applaud my conduct, and self-approving conscience shall bless my days with innocence and Anna; while those I leave behind—”

At that instant the young Henry flew into William’s arms, “ Do not involve me in your hatred, brother! Far from rejoicing in the loss you have sustained, my heart is breaking for my own; no wealth can make poor Henry an amends for such a brother: and, oh! I fear you will not love me, because I am the unhappy, but innocent cause of our grandfather’s cruelty to you!”

William’s heart was melted by his brother’s kindness, and he assured him he should ever retain the truest fraternal affection for him; and as he should never think of disturbing him in the possession of a fortune to which he no longer aspired, he said, he hoped they might ever be friends, and begged that Henry would write to him; then folded his weeping brother
in

in his arms, and left his grandfather's house directly after.

William set out for the friendly farm that had fostered his infant years, with sentiments even more perplexed than those with which he left it ; fear is ever an attendant upon true love, and he doubted whether his Anna would accept for a husband, the man whom she had so long considered in the light of a brother. Even the good, the friendly Thomas might, he feared, refuse to bestow his daughter upon one who was now an outcast from his own family, and who could bring no addition of rank or wealth to his.

Filled with these apprehensions, he journeyed slowly and thoughtfully along, till he arrived at the hospitable cottage. On his entrance Thomas seemed to express more surprise than joy at his return, while the artless Anna rushed into his arms, and bursting into tears, cried out, " It is, it is my brother ! "

William's whole soul was occupied in joy and tenderness ; he forgot every disagreeable sensation he had felt since their separation ; he clasped the lovely maid to his bosom, and exclaimed in transport, " No power on earth shall ever part us more ! "

" Rash young man ! (said Thomas) Is it thus you repay the kindness of a father, by striving to destroy the happiness of his child ? You know that Anna is no more your sister, nor shall you ever stand in any other degree of relationship to her," So saying, he took his daughter

ter

ter by the hand, and led her to her chamber. At Thomas's return into their little parlour, William threw himself at his feet. "Will you forsake and cast me off (he cried) abandoned as I am by the whole world beside? If so, life is a burthen that I will not long endure, deprived of your affection and my Anna's love."

"I do not understand you, Sir (replied Thomas); are you not now the rich and powerful heir of Sir Henry Nugent? whose pride, I know, would never condescend to let you wed my daughter; and you, Sir, must also know, that the blackest act of baseness and ingratitude which human nature could be guilty of, would be that of seducing her affections, and rendering her, and me of course, unhappy."

"Far be the impious thought from William's breast! (exclaimed the honest youth) No, my father—still will I call you by that honoured name; were it within my power, I would make a ten times greater sacrifice than I have already made, to prove my love and constancy to Anna."—He then repeated to him all that had passed from the time of their separation; and concluded with imploring his consent to unite his fate with his lovely daughter's.

Thomas remained inflexible.—"No, Sir (said he), it shall not be; I never will consent to your justifying your grandfather's inhumanity by giving him a pretence for it. I will see this haughty baronet, and urge the justice

justice of your claim from my own knowledge; and though nature and conscience have not been able to plead in your behalf, his pride may make him do you right, from the conscious shame of knowing, that so poor a man as I am must otherwise think, nay, and proclaim him too a villain."

Thomas set out in a few days after for Dublin, having first removed Anna to a friend's house, at a small distance from his own, where she was not permitted to receive either visits or letters from her beloved William.

Thomas appeared before Sir Henry Nugent with that firmness which conscious virtue gives. He told him he had received William, when an infant, from the hands of his father and mother at Avignon; who both declared the legality of their union, and deplored the necessity they were under of keeping it secret, from the fear of offending both their parents;—"For (added he) the mother of the youth was descended from a family full as noble as your own, who would have resented her matching clandestinely with your son, as much as you could have done the disobedience on his part."

"Perhaps, Sir (said the baronet, with a sarcastic smile), the lady might have been your relation."

"I own it, Sir (replied Thomas), and though unfortunate, as I know she was virtuous, I glory in the title of her kinsman."

"Insolent

“ Insolent fellow ! (replied Sir Henry) begone this moment from my sight, nor dare to insult the honour of my family, by supposing my son could be so base to match with such plebeian meanness. Begone, I say, or my servants shall chastise your audacity, and spurn you into the street.”

Thomas was now convinced, that his young ward had nothing to hope from the justice or humanity of his grandfather, and, full of honest indignation, he shook the dust from off his feet, and left the house. He did not, however, return home immediately, but travelled on to the county of Kilkenny, which was the place of his nativity. There he collected authentic proofs of his birth and family, and without making himself known to any of his relations, journeyed back again to his own habitation.

Thomas's history may be comprised into a few words. His real name was Butler ; his father was a cadet of the Ormond family, and Thomas, when a youth, had followed the fortunes of the last Duke of that illustrious title. He had continued with him while he remained in France, and there married a lady of rank and fortune, who died in childbed of the little Anna. When the Duke went into Spain, Mr. Butler, as we shall now call him, came to England, and brought with him his daughter, and the son of his friend and relation who had been committed to his care. He arrived about the year 1719, and risked the small remains of his
fortune

fortune in the whirlpool bubble of the South Sea scheme, and was, like thousands more, undone.

That noble spirit of independence which is inherent to generous minds, soon determined Mr. Butler to that plan of life which we have seen him steadily pursue, and in which his industry was crowned with deserved success. The pride, if we may call it so, natural to high birth, made him conceal his name and family in the humiliating situation of a farmer; but he thought it now proper to assert his rank, in honour of the dead Mrs. Nugent and her son.—Furnished, as I have already said, with authentic proofs of his identity, he claimed his Arms from the Herald's Office, and conveyed them, with a copy of the register of his birth, in a letter to Sir Henry Nugent, in which he told him, that though he was fully entitled to call him to an account for the insolence of his behaviour, the injustice of his conduct had rendered him so much his inferior, that he could not think of degrading himself by meeting him on equal terms, but left him to the stings of his conscience; which, he hoped would awaken him to a proper remorse, before he was summoned to a trial in which he should be obliged to give in evidence against himself.

At Mr. Butler's return to his house, he found his much-loved William lying delirious in a fever. The agitation which his youthful spirits had suffered in the trying scenes he had gone through, had brought on his
his

his disorder; and the agonies he felt at being, as he thought, for ever deprived of his dear Anna's sight, had raised it to a height that seemed to baffle all those simple medicines which his friendly neighbours had administered to him. He raved incessantly upon his Anna, and called her father cruel and inhuman; begged but to see her once, and close his eyes for ever.

Mr. Butler immediately dispatched messengers for a physician and his daughter: the arrival of the latter was sufficient; William's reason and his happiness returned with Anna, and he was soon pronounced out of danger by his nominal doctor.

William's passion seemed to grow with his strength, and he incessantly implored Mr. Butler to give his consent to his marriage, or to his seeking an honourable grave, by entering a volunteer into the army. The sad idea of William's departure soon drove the roses from poor Anna's cheeks, and her pale face and languid eyes were powerful, though silent petitioners to her fond father. He at length relented, and calling them together, said, "My children, I have seemed obdurate to your wishes, only for your sakes. Slight passions will not abide the trials that your union is like to draw upon you; distress and difficulties soon lose the trifling band of youthful fondness; but a sincere and virtuous love is able to surmount, or at least stand firm against, all the accumulated ills of fortune. I have proved ye both, and seen the strength of your
affections

affections in its perseverance ; then take my daughter, William, with my consent and blessing, they are all I have to give ; but know, young man, when you receive this dowerless maid before the altar, you marry with your equal ; with one who would do honour to your choice, were you at this moment possessed of all your grandfather's injustice withholds from you. I now shall trust you with a secret, but it must remain so ; for as ye still must dwell beneath this humble roof, and eat the bread of industry, how sweet we all have proved, it would but expose us to scorn or pity, the proud man's charity, to boast a rank our fortunes cannot rise to. The names of Butler and of Nugent must be now forgotten ; and Thomas, William, and their much-loved Anna, be still our only titles ; but let our virtues exalt those simple names to terms of honour ; and let the consciousness of what we are, inspire us to fill our several stations as we ought, nor think of superiority over the meanest of our friends and neighbours, but in goodness."

He then acquainted William with his name and family, and with every thing that had passed between him and Sir Henry Nugent.

It would be needless to describe the transports of the enamoured William when he arrived at the summit of his felicity, by receiving Anna for his bride. Suffice it to say, that their happiness was permanent and pure as their affections, and that they were the

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wonder of their little world for conjugal and filial tenderness. In the course of three years Anna presented her husband with two lovely boys, whose early education now became the care of Thomas, as he grew too much enfeebled by years to labour as he formerly had done; but William's industry amply supplied that want, and their cottage was called, by all their neighbours, *The House of Happiness*.

Seven years thus passed away, and seemed but as a summer to them all: when, one day, William returning from his daily occupation, saw a carriage, attended by several servants, stop at a little distance from the house, and a gentleman dressed in mourning alight from it and come towards him. The blooming Anna, regardless of the stranger whom she saw, was coming out to meet her husband with the best produce of their garden in her lap, to assuage the noon-tide heat, while Thomas sat upon a grass-plat near, his little grandsons climbing up his knees. The stranger at first stood motionless, gazing upon the pleasing sight; then rushing forwards with impetuosity, he darted into William's arms, crying out, "It is my brother!" William received the caresses of the stranger with a mingled sensation of joy and reserve; his heart warmed in the fraternal embrace, at the recollection of young Henry's features; but it also occurred to his remembrance, that his brother had not once written, or enquired after him, for more than seven years.

"I read

"I read your just resentment in your looks, my brother (said the young Henry), but condemn me not for involuntary crimes. On our first separation I wrote to you repeatedly, but received no answer. At length our grandfather candidly owned he had secreted all my letters, and sternly declared, that if I persisted in corresponding with you, I should be as much an alien to his heart and fortune as you were: the latter, he informed me, was entirely in his own power, and if I did not then enter into a solemn promise to hold no farther commerce with you, he would bequeath his wealth to some more distant relation, and turn me out a wanderer to the world. What could I do? I promised and obeyed. It is now about a week since my grandfather expired, and left me heir to all his wealth. But no will, since contrary to my own, shall exclude you from your just rights, which I now come to resign into your possession, and to receive a younger brother's portion from your bounty; and long, very long, may my much-loved brother, now Sir William Nugent, enjoy his rank and fortune!"

"Noble youth! (exclaimed old Mr. Butler) the blood of Nugent is revived in thee; and blush not to receive a sister, and these children, though meanly clad, thy equals both in birth and virtue."

The glad tidings of William's exaltation was quickly spread around the neighbouring villages; every heart rejoiced in his good fortune, and owned he merited his

elevation; every tongue poured forth blessings on him and his amiable family; and every eye dropped tears of tenderness when they departed from the House of Happiness.

Sir William took possession of his family-seat and fortune, and made a provision for his brother worthy of them both. Mr. Butler spent the remainder of his days with his son and daughter in affluence and tranquillity, and resigned his breath in his loved Anna's arms.

Lady Nugent bore many sons and daughters, who are the worthy inheritors of her own and Sir William's virtues; and a very few years since they still remained patterns of conjugal and parental affection to all who had the happiness of knowing or conversing with them.

THE DEAD ASS.

[STERNE.]

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned

caſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought to my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the reſt, whiſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeemed deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed Heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Hea-

ven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that he had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something.—

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